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LOVE'S MESSENGERS.

Summer winds whispering over the rye,
Kissing the roses and hurrying by,
Where have ye lateat been, O where?
Merrily tangling my maiden's hair,
Wafting the tresses over her cheek,
Pla..ing among them at hide and seek,
Or try'ng, with delicate scents of the South,
To rival the breath of her own sweet mouth?
Tell me, summer winds, fresh and fair,
Where have ye latest been, O where?

But the balmy breezes floated away,
Daintily sighing—no word said they.

Bear ye no word from my maiden to me?
Did she not whisper her love to ye?
Ah! well do I know that her fondest dream
By the sun's warm light or the moon's pale beam,
Is ever of me, and the love she bears
Oft breaks from her sweet lips unawares.
Has she not murmured some tender word
That ye as ye floated by have heard?
Tell me, summer winds, frolic and free,
Bring ye no message from her to me?

But the balmy breezes frolicked away,
Daintily sighing—no word said they.

O faithless winds, since thus ye are still,
And bring no message my heart to thrill,
I will send you again to my maiden's side,
To tell her I'll meet her at eventide:
Then fly, fly fast o'er the waving rye—
The roses are lovely, but pass them by,
Bid them to wait for the kisses they crave,
And linger not on the rivulet's wave:
Hasten, O summer winds, sighing above,
Tell her this night shall she meet her love.

The balmy breezes floated away,
And the roses wept that they would not stay.

Around the hill the summer winds sped,
Whirling and eddying overhead,
Waving the moss on the cottage eaves,
Rustling the feathery locust leaves,
Brushing the dewdrops glimmering yet
On the odorous blooms of mignonette,
Till they reached a garden kept with care,
And found a beautiful maiden there,
Alone in an arbor, where misty lines
Of sunshine fell through the tangled vines.

Then the balmy breezes sought her ear,
And the words they whispered were low but clear.

They lifted the tresses of gold and brown
That over her snowy neck swept down;
They said in a musical, breezy voice:
"Thy lover is coming; sweet child, rejoice!
When Hesperus' light in the West grows dim
Thy lover will seek thee—be ready for him!"
The maiden heard, and a rosy glow
Flushed up to her cheek from heart below;
And the summer winds caught, as they circled by,
Her perfumed breath in a gentle sigh.

Then the balmy breezes frolicked away,
And soon 'mong the rose leaves nestled they.

POMEROY ABBEY.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER V.—[CONTINUED.]

"I would ask the Lord of Pomeroy to spare me—to my mother as to himself."

"Alice, this is no child's play. I have a right to inquire into this matter, to be told the whole truth. Who is it that has dared come between us?"

In her inmost heart Alice thought that the sentence might have been changed; that the one to "come between" was Guy himself—between her and Rupert.

"If you will not accord me an explanation, Alice, I must ask it of your mother. Oh, my dear, why won't you trust me?" he continued, in a softer tone. "Confide in me as in your best friend: you have never a warmer one."

"It is your brother," she faltered, her voice falling to a whisper.

"My brother!" repeated Guy, looking at her in amazement. "Which brother?"

"Rupert."

A minute elapsed before Guy took in the sense of the words. So unconscious had he been of any such pretension on Rupert's part that he thought even now he must have misunderstood her.

"It cannot be," he said. "Rupert?"

"Alas, yes! He is my best-beloved."

Alice had heard of the passion that on occasion Guy Pomeroy could fall into. It arose now. Bewildered confused in his bitter disappointment, his dearest hopes struck back upon him, he hardly knew what he uttered.

"Rupert!" he foamed. "Rupert! the ill-doing spendthrift! the disgrace of the name of Pomeroy! who is now in hiding, lest his reckless debts should be visited upon him; whose light conduct here in Abbeyland would be a by-word in men's mouths, but that he is a Pomeroy! who——But I do not believe you," suddenly broke off Guy, his passion cooling down, as he resolved the past in the light of common sense. He could not remember that Rupert and she had been sufficiently intimate for love to supervene. "It is a mistake Alice. You never saw much of Rupert, or he of you."

Alice leaned against the top of the stile. She did not reply; but the rich flush of love, remembered love, mantled to her cheek and her lips parted with a half-smile. It maddened Guy.

"Do you wish to drive me wild?" he asked, scorning concealment. "Why don't you say that you never met him—to love; that you are asserting what is false, only to deceive me."

"I have said what is true. And, as to not meeting, I should be sorry to meet you in secret, as I have met Rupert."

"You—a gentlewoman—and my promised wife—can stand there and avow to me that you have met Rupert Pomeroy in secret?"

"I am not your promised wife," retorted Alice, bent on vexing the lord in her own sense of discomfort. "And there was no other way in which we could meet, for you had gained the ear of my mother. If we did meet in secret, where was the harm? do you think Rupert would let it come near me?"

"He—he made love to you?"

"Yes; he loved me. When you were paying your formal visits in the day, Rupert paid his in the evening. We used to walk about in the grove yonder—and oh, we were so happy!"

The Lord of Pomeroy turned his face from Alice, bending it on the ground; it was well, perhaps, that she did not see it then. His love for her was indeed as a volcano raging within him; he could not give her up; far rather would he have given up life and all its benefits. What could have possessed her to meet him in this spirit of bravado? Guy was not one to bear it tamely, or to be balked of his revenge. As to Alice—she should be his, even if he died for it. And death seemed, in his present mood, to be far too good for his treacherous brother.

"Alice," he said, compelling his tone to an unnatural calmness, "your love is worse than wasted, if it be given to Rupert Pomeroy."

"Wasted!"

"Yes, he has none to waste; or to give you."

Again the rich red flush of remembrance dyed her cheeks, and her lips were parted with the same sweet smile. Guy kept down his temper.

"I say that Rupert Pomeroy has no love to give to you. He deceived you if he professed it; he was only amusing himself."

"You shall not traduce him to me," she interrupted, with spirit. "I will not listen to it. You know the motive which obliged me to confide this to you—that you may fix your hopes elsewhere. Keep my secret, Guy, and be generous; perhaps I shall be your sister some time."

"Walk with me a little way, Alice," he suddenly exclaimed. "Not far."

Mechanically she obeyed, for his tone was imperative. Guy offered her his arm; but she bowed a refusal.

"You would take Rupert's," he said, with reproachful scorn. And then chafed in spirit for having said it

"It is not the custom for young ladies to walk arm-in-arm in public. And I am quite alive to the exactions of custom," she added, throwing back her head.

"Custom!" retorted Guy—"between man and woman who are to form the closest tie on earth?"

"Did you speak of yourself, or of Rupert?" she returned, delightfully aggravating. And the Lord of Pomeroy, after a look that must have betrayed the bitterness of his heart, walked by her side in silence. But all this only tended to augment the turmoil; the resentment that was shaking his every fibre. If ever a man had been desperately ill-used on earth, he believed that it was himself.

The next field brought them within view of the gamekeeper's lodge. The back of it was towards them. The windows were closed, the house seemed deserted; it often looked so now Sybilla was gone. Old Nanny liked to be solitary. Guy stopped, laid his forefinger on Alice's arm, and caused her to turn towards it.

"You see that place, Alice!"

"Yes, what of it?"

"Look at it, my dear. Study it well."

"It is Gaunt's cottage," she exclaimed, wonderingly. "Why am I to look at it?"

"It might be well that you should see it. Because there was where Rupert's love was given."

She was slow in comprehending. No suspicion of the sort had ever dawned upon her. Guy's words only called up thoughts of the gamekeeper and the cottage: not of Sybilla. Guy, saying no more for the moment, turned back with her, home. Presently he spoke.

"There are certain topics, Alice, that we may not discuss openly; custom, which you avow yourself a disciple of, does not sanction it; the proprieties of life would not sanction it: nevertheless, some of this reserve must be forgotten, even to a young lady, when circumstances imperatively compel it."

Alice Wylde turned her wondering eyes upon him.

"You know that Sybilla Gaunt has left the place," he resumed, in a low, deep tone; "you know, at least it is probable you do, why she has been obliged to leave it."

"Well?"

"She is with Rupert."

Silence ensued. Guy glanced round. Alice was walking on, but he could not see her face, her hat shaded it from him.

"The author of the disrepute that fell upon Sybilla Gaunt was Rupert Pomeroy," continued Guy; "he had ought to have guarded her from it. Rupert—I tell it you fearlessly, Alice, for it is the truth—is heartless as he is high. And so—he pretended that his whole love was yours!"

"It was—*Acre!*"

"Yes, he is both base and false."

As a blast of lightning falls upon a tree, and shatters it, so were these words falling upon Alice Wylde's brain. At the end of the last field, which skirted Mrs. Wylde's garden, Guy walked forward and held the gate open for her to pass through. He could have broken again into passion, had he been sure that her emotion arose from love of Rupert; her countenance was white with agony.

"Is it true?" she gasped.

"It is true as that you and I are here, living."

CHAPTER VI.

THE LORD'S TRIUMPH.

Walking slowly towards the open window of the dining room, the footsteps of the Lord of Pomeroy echoing in her ears as he strode away from the garden gate, went Alice Wylde, feeling as if the best part of her life had been crushed out of her.

Remembrance was busy within her; events of the past were rising up, trifles which had caused no reflection at the time. She remembered once to have made a slighting remark to Rupert on Sybilla Gaunt, and Rupert had abruptly changed the theme. Again, she remembered, in driving home with her mother from a dinner party, one moonlight night at which they had met the lord and Guy, but not Rupert, who had sent an excuse, she saw Rupert standing by the trees of Gaunt's cottage; and there was another shadow near him, an undefined one; the gamekeeper's she had concluded, and she had wondered why Rupert had gone down there so late. Of couse that shadow must have been Sybilla's.

"How was it that she had been so blind? Who but Rupert, with his fascinating manners and his handsome form, with his careless principles and indifference to consequences, was likely to have turned the head of Sybilla? The inferior people about?—she would have spurned them under foot. Time and again she had wondered to herself with a hazy sort of indifference whom the recreant truant could be. How could she have been so innocently unsuspecting? The very fact of Sybilla's quitting the place with Rupert—or nearly at the same period—might have served to open her eyes.

The revulsion of feeling was terrible; all her love seemed to be thrown back upon herself, just as she in her turn had been flinging back Guy's; she could have wept tears of agony at the thought of how Rupert the false must have laughed at her credulity. At her, who had told him of her rejection of Guy, of the refusal to become the Lady of Pomeroy for his sake; they had made fun of the lord together, of him and his hopes. Oh, blind, blind, blind!

In her way, Alice Wylde was little less vindictive than Guy. Already she had began to wonder how she could be avenged on Rupert. There was one way, if she could bring herself to take it, that would at least show Rupert she did not care for him: accept Guy.

The opening of the gate, as she stood still thinking these thoughts, caused her to turn. Guy had come back again.

"Alice," he began, "when——"

"Say nothing to me now, or I shall be visiting the hate upon you that I am beginning to feel for Rupert. If he has thus trifled with me—if he has a false heart——"

"He has one," said Guy. "He lives but to trifle. You are not the first he professed to love, or was Sybilla either. The village could tell you various tales."

The village could. Many a foolish escapade had been laid, right or wrong, at the door of the gay and attractive Rupert. But the village held its peace, for was he not a Pomeroy? and, amongst the simple around, it was pretty generally held that the Pomeroys, like kings, could do no wrong.

The Lord of Pomeroy spoke his farewell and departed; Alice did not answer him, but went on indoors. Not that she intended any particular discourtesy to him, but her mind was in a chaos of tumult. "To come to me with his false vows, from the company of that girl!" she muttered to herself; "to win my love; to play upon my credulity; to sport with my heart's most sacred feelings; and then return to whence he came—to her! Oh, Mercy! how shall I support myself?"

A little voice came whispering to her, Is it true? or is Guy deceiving you? She thought it was true; the probabilities, looking back, seemed to say that it was. But she went to her mother, who was on the dressing-room sofa, deep in the pages of a fashionable novel, and asked out a question boldly; little cared she, in her despair, for what Guy had called the proprieties of life.

"Mother, who was it that led Sybilla Gaunt into the wrong path?"

Now it happened that Mrs. Wylde was particularly alive to the proprieties at that moment; for the book before her was of the most orthodox school; filled with holy little village children and young clergymen in long (and very becoming) black skirts, and who had never heard of "wrong paths," much less come in contact with them. Therefore Mrs. Wylde bent a severe brow on Alice.

"Young lady! such topics are ignored in society. What are you thinking of?"

"I want to know who it was that led Sybilla Gaunt into sin," proceeded Alice, plunging deeper into the mire.

She stood before her mother with a pale face and eyes of dark misery, and it brought down Mrs. Wylde from her stilts.

"Alice, what in the world is the matter? What is Sybilla Gaunt to you? It was not Guy Pomeroy——"

"Was it Rupert?"

"Child, I say, these subjects are better let alone. What has come to you? Of course it was Rupert; everybody knows that."

"Why did not the village shun him? He was popular, he was courted up to the very hour he left it."

"The village shun a Pomeroy!" derisively retorted Mrs. Wylde. "If a Pomeroy chose to tell them they must sell their souls to him, they would only kneel and do it. That is enough, Alice; the topic is not a suitable one for you."

But now, Mrs. Wylde, in her zeal, or perhaps, it may be said, in her animus against Rupert, spoke more surely than she had grounds for. In talking one day to her maid, a flighty, gossiping damsel named Lettice, she had introduced the subject of Sybilla and her misdoings. "Who can have been her admirer?" spoke Mrs. Wylde. "Oh, ma'am, that's not known," said the girl, "but I'd lay something it's that good-looking Mr. Rupert Pomeroy." Not another word, save this, had Mrs. Wylde heard; and yet she took upon herself to make this confident assertion to her daughter.

It chanced, this same day, that Joan Pomeroy called at the White House; with the information that she was about to leave the abbey for a season. Left alone with Alice for a moment, the latter approached her with an eager whisper.

"Miss Pomeroy, please tell me; was it, you know who—who ran away with Sybilla Gaunt?"

Miss Pomeroy looked surprised. She disdained to equivocate, and therefore did not reply. "Are you ill, Alice?"

"I have heard that it was your brother Rupert," resumed Alice, her eyes strained on Joan with a wild expectancy that it was not pleasant to look upon.

Joan Pomeroy bowed her head. "I do not know, myself."

"But you cannot tell me that it was not?"

"No, I cannot. I ask, Alice, if you are ill?"

"Oh, no," she answered, with a hollow laugh, "I am very well."

Meanwhile, Guy Pomeroy, smarting under the treatment accorded him by one he loved so passionately, stung to the heart at the deceit practised upon him by his brother, proceeded home with a step that had a sound of fury in it. Only that very morning applications had been made to him, on behalf of Rupert, by their family solicitor in London. Rupert had been arrested upon a "judgment" that had been obtained against him, and unless the Lord of Pomeroy came forward to extricate him, he must go to the Queen's Bench prison. Guy had been wavering all the morning as to whether he should respond to this appeal or not. He had not too much cash to spare, and he quite believed that if he extricated Rupert from this mess, he would be in a similar one to-morrow; but still, Guy was not altogether unbrotherly, and he did not much care to hear of a Pomeroy being sent to prison. The matter had been filling his mind up to the hour of his visit at the White House, argument for, answering argument against; but what he had heard decided him now.

Opening his desk, he penned a sharp, brief note to the solicitor.

"DEAR MR. HILDYARD,

The arrest of my brother Rupert, no doubt, is only the precursor of many other such arrests. In fact, how he has been allowed to go scot-free so long, surprises me. Nothing that you or he can say would induce me to interfere. With regards to the Queen's Bench, a sojourn within its walls may do him good. This decision, so far as I am concerned, is final.

"POMEROY OF POMEROY."

That was the usual signature of the Lords of Pomeroy. And thus the appeal being unfavorable, Mr. Rupert Pomeroy was escorted to prison; and, so far as appearances might be trusted, his stay there would not be a short one.

* * * * * *

In the course of the following afternoon, the Lord of Pomeroy arrived at the White House in all the state that it much pleased the Pomeroys to observe on occasions of importance, and which was nothing uncommon then; a gilded carriage with his arms emblazoned on it (arms that were used only by the reigning lord,) four prancing horses, attendant servants in their sumptuous liveries of purple velvet and silver. Tormented nearly to madness, Guy Pomeroy had conclusively determined to put his fate to the trial without further delay, and to make his proposals in due form.

"Oh, my goodness!" cried Mrs. Wylde, running to the window upon hearing the clatter below—"Alice, it is the Lord of Pomeroy! He has come in state. What can it mean?"

Alice, looking pale enough for a ghost, for she had passed just such a restless, sleepless night as Guy, pushed her pretty hair from her face in consternation. "He might have given me another day or two," she murmured.

"Another what?" cried Mrs. Wylde.

"Another day or two for thought," sighed Alice. "I suppose he has come for—for my answer."

"Has he made you an offer?"

"He has renewed it, mamma. He made it before the old lord died."

"Oh, you crafty child! Never to tell me!"

"I refused him. I told him I would never, never have him; that he was never more to speak upon the subject. But yesterday he spoke again."

"And——"

"The Lord of Pomeroy," interrupted Theresa, who had been sent up by the butler. "He is asking to see you, ma'am."

"To see *me!*" cried Mrs. Wylde."

"Yes, ma'm; so Cannet said."

"Very well," nodded Mrs. Wylde—and Theresa left the chamber. "Now, Alice, what am I to say to the lord?" she added, suppressed anger in her tone.

"I am sure I don't know what," sighed Alice, looking the very image of perplexed despair.

"What do you mean by that, you wayward girl *Not know!* You can do but one thing—accept him."

"There's so much to be said on both sides of the question," pleaded Alice. "I—do—not—like—him—you know; but——"

"*I* know!" broke in Mrs. Wylde. "Don't bring my name in like that, Alice. If you don't like him, you ought to be ashamed of yourself; that's all I know. You have done your best to flirt with him; to draw him on."

"Ah no, not lately, mamma; not for a good many months now. I did—perhaps—flirt with him a little for fun once; but it must be as much as a year ago."

"You did more than flirt a little with him for fun; *you did all you could to lead him on to love you,*" spoke the angry lady impressively. "And you succeeded. If ever man loved woman, the lord loves you—and your life with him will be as one long, happy day-dream. The Lady of Pomeroy!" continued she in an ecstacy of aspiration. "Mistress of Pomeroy Abbey! Why, for that position, Alice, half the girls in the country are fighting! And it is at *your* feet. Surely you will not be so idiotic as to play with the lord any longer!"

"Yes, I know—I say there is a great deal to be said on both sides," assented Alice.

"Well, I must not keep him waiting. And, Alice, I shall accept him."

"No, don't do that," Alice replied, in quick fear. "If I accept him, I will do it myself. But I must speak to him in private first."

Guy had come to lay his formal proposals for her daughter's hand before Mrs. Wylde; and he did so. Flattered, delighted, the hopes and the doubts which had tormented her laid to rest, Mrs. Wylde received them in the most gracious, not to say gushing, manner. Alice was shy, she told him, uncertain: it was in the nature of the young maiden to be so; but she was sure she cared for the lord at heart, and would doubtless accept the honor done her, and listen to his suit. The lord, upon that, requested to see Alice; and the mother retired, to send her in.

"You know, Guy," Alice answered, when he held her hands, and put the question to her almost as formally as he had put it to her mother, "that I have told you I cared for Rupert——"

"Yes, yes," he frowningly interrupted.

"And therefore I do not—in that way—care for you, for we cannot care for two people at once; it is impossible. It was *true*—what you told me of him—about Sybilla Gaunt?"

"It was true."

"Then I shall never, never care for him again, and I will try never to think of him. From henceforth, my best endeavors shall be given to hate Rupert Pomeroy."

"And to love me," he softly whispered.

"That will come in time."

"My darling, that is all I ask. And you will be my dear wife!"

"I will; I promise. But you must please understand one thing, Guy—that but for Rupert's having played me false, I never could have married you. I mention it by way of excuse for what you may have deemed my ill conduct to you all this while. Rupert——"

"We may drop Rupert's name now," again interrupted Guy, showing impatience at even the mention of his brother.

"Yes; and drop it for ever," acquiesced Alice. "Traitor!"

* * * * * *

The news went forth to the world—the local world. The Lord of Pomeroy—the great man amid its great men—had chosen his helpmate; he was to espouse the daughter of Mrs. Wylde, whom he, as was shrewdly suspected, had been for some time courting. The young lady was not of distinguished descent; of no descent at all, in fact; but she had both riches and beauty.

Gaily and swiftly went on the preparations for the wedding; both Mrs. Wylde and Guy urging a speedy day; perhaps neither of them, remembering the past, felt quite sure that Alice, in her caprice, might not waver again. Joan Pomeroy put off her visit, and consented to remain at the abbey for the ceremony. Her sister, Mrs. Capel, would come for it, and they would depart together when the gaities were over.

The village of Abbeyland lay in a hollow. On its right, as we look towards the sea, rose the very long and gentle hill, winding and turning until it reached the forest; the White House being about midway between the forest and the abbey. Sheltered within the skirts of this dark forest was an old and lonely cottage, inhabited by an old woman named Rex—Naomi Rex.

In the days gone by, there had been a rather large colony of Rexes in Abbeyland—all of them close and staunch adherents of the Lords of Pomeroy. Some of them had been in the personal service—valets or house-stewards; and one had held the post of head gamekeeper before Gaunt. An ordinary keeper was he, receiving his wages; not, as Gaunt was, a "gentleman keeper." All the male Rexes had died out; of the women there remained three; Malvina Rex, who was the housekeeper at the abbey, and was called Mrs. Rex, though she had never been married; Naomi Rex, who was the old widow of Anthony Rex, the housekeeper's brother; and Bridget Rex, who was daughter to another deceased brother, and who lived at the abbey with her aunt. Naomi Rex, the widow, lived in the cottage in the forest, upon a small, comfortable income realized by her late husband; the late Lord of Pomeroy having accorded to her the use of the cottage for life. These Rexes knew as much about the traditions of the Pomeroys, and about themselves too, as long retained servants in a family do get to know. The Rexes had always been respected by the villagers; treated by them with more consideration than they showed to one another, in regard to their having been confidential retainers of the lords of the soil.

It wanted about a week to the wedding, for which all kinds of great preparations were agate, when Mrs. Wylde chanced one hot morning to pass the cottage in the forest, and saw Naomi. Naomi was popularly supposed to be falling into her dotage. Like many imaginative persons, who, when they get in years, are fonder of ruminating on the past than of talking of the present, she would sit for hours on the bench outside her door in silence, her eyes fixed on the landscape that rose before her, the most conspicuous feature of which was the abbey, and her mind lost in the days that had been. It was thus that Mrs. Wylde found her. That lady, who had not felt well of late, and had moreover a horrible fear upon her that she was getting frightfully stout, was ordered by Mr. Norris to take as much walking exercise as she could; she often passed the cottage in her walks, and had made acquaintance with its tenant.

"Good morning, Naomi."

"Good morning to you, ma'am," replied Naomi, roused out of her reverie, and getting up to curtsey, with all her habitual respect, and to remain standing as long as Mrs. Wylde chose to halt at her palings. The manners then observed by the humbler classes to their betters were very different from those obtaining in these degenerate days; moreover, Naomi Rex knew that Mrs. Wylde was the mother of the future Lady of Pomeroy. It was the highest position in all the world, in poor Naomi's estimation; princes were, no doubt, great and grand; but the Pomeroys were greater.

"Would you please to condescend to walk in and rest, ma'am," asked Naomi, observing that her visitor's comely face looked hot and tired. "It's shady in my little parlor."

"I don't mind if I do," said Mrs. Wylde. "One feels the hill in this sultry weather. Stay; no; not indoors; I will sit on this bench," she added, sitting down on the same bench from which Naomi had risen. "How pleasant it is here!"

"Aye, ma'am, that it is. Just look, please, at the sweep o' landscape. The fair plain, and the bold rocks, and the sea shining yonder; with the abbey right before one's eyes, and the blessed convent standing off in the distance, like a peaceful haven!"

"It all looks peaceful to me, after that hill. But you must sit down yourself, Mrs. Rex."

"Thank you, ma'am, no;" curtseyed the old lady. "I'll stand."

"Now, unless you take this very place from which I disturbed you,"—putting her hand out to the space by her side—"I shall go away again," said Mrs. Wylde, firmly. And Naomi, who knew what proper manners were, sat down at once. She was a cleanly looking old lady, with a pale, thin face, wearing a big bordered cap with black bows, a short, dark gown, and a black-and-white print 'kerchief crossed upon her shoulders, which partially hid the small, beautiful, cross of gold and blue enamel, that lay on her neck.

"I hope this day next week will be as fine as this one!" impulsively spoke Mrs. Wylde, following out her thoughts; and they were rarely absent now from the ceremony that was to be."

"The saints grant it!" acquiesced Naomi.

Mrs. Wylde, recalled to the present, laughed. "You know, then, what is to take place on that day?"

"Know!" exclaimed Naomi, in her surprise at the question. "Ma'am, could I be off knowing aught that concerns a Pomeroy?—especially so momentous an event as the marriage of the lord. I trust, in my heart, the lord is marrying for his happiness; and the sweet young lady, too. I trust that it is not in *his* day the prediction is to be fulfilled."

Now, if Mrs. Wylde had spoken upon impulse, so must assuredly had Naomi, in saying this. All the morning long, one certain subject; *this* subject, had been haunting her mind. Aware of the slip she had made, she was hasting to speak of something else, but Mrs. Wylde caught the word up sharply.

"Prediction! What do you mean? Prediction of what?"

"There used to be a prediction talked of in the Pomeroy family, when the late lord was young," calmly answered Naomi, silently crossing herself. "Hardly an ancient family in the land, ma'am, but has its belief and its forecastings."

"Doubtless," assented Mrs. Wylde, with dignity, as if to imply that she was of an ancient family herself. "What was the prediction about?"

"It was just a verse of rhyme, ma'am: four lines, maybe; though I don't call to mind, at this moment, how they run."

"And what did they predict?"

"They tell of some ill-fortune that is to

fall upon the Pomeroys, after the marriage of one of the lords. But it's a marriage that must be entered into with deceit and craft—so it is not likely to fall in these days, for the Pomeroys are honorable; they disdain a lie. I remember hearing the late lord joke about it to his lady soon after their marriage, saying that it could not fall in his time, since he had not fulfilled its conditions."

"What nonsense it must be!" cried Mrs. Wylde. "Who made it up—who spoke it?"

"No one knows that, ma'am. It is some generations ago, now."

Mrs. Wylde burst into laughter. It must be confessed that she had little reverence for such superstitions, and would as soon have believed in a ghost itself as in a "prediction."

"Then I think the present lord has no cause to fear. If generation after generation has been passed over, surely his will be. The Pomeroys are very fanciful, are they not?" added Mrs. Wylde, consigning the subject to the oblivion it deserved.

"They have their opinions, ma'am, and their traditions. All old families have."

"You have seen a great deal of the Pomeroys in your time!"

"Aye, ma'am, I have. I was a Rex, ma'am, you see, and cousin to my late husband; and the Rexes have always been close servants of the Pomeroys. Old Jerome's mother, by the way, was a Rex, too, but only distantly related to us. The late lady took a good deal of notice of me."

"You had no children, I think?"

"No, ma'am, never. It sometimes falls out, I've remarked, that when man and wife are cousins, they don't have any."

Mrs. Wylde nodded. "I suppose you will go to see the ceremony?"

"Doubtless, ma'am. The lord himself bade my sister-in-law, the housekeeper, invite me to the abbey for the day, and they'll send for me betimes. It's but a slip of a walk round to the chapel from thence, and I can manage that. I'd not be off seeing the wedding for a good deal."

"What sort of a young man is the youngest son?" asked Mrs. Wylde; who never lost an opportunity of getting information about the family she so reverenced.

"Charming young men, both the youngest ones," exclaimed Naomi Rex warmly. "Not as grand in stature as the lord and Mr. Rupert, but fresh and fair-looking as a summer's day. Mr. Leolin is a bit haughty in manner like the lord; but Mr. George—Captain Pomeroy they call him now—is just a favorite with everybody. It is he that has the good heart. He takes after his mother."

"I have seen him; he was here when we first settled at the place," remarked Mrs. Wylde. "But I did not see him when he came to the funeral."

"His stay was so short, ma'am. Short as it was, though, he was up to see me between the lights—bless him! 'Naomi,, says he to me, in his pleasant way, 'this is an age for scientific discoveries; but there's one discovery that they don't make, and that is to change a gale at sea into a calm.' He was kept back two whole days by a hurricane in crossing from Ireland—as maybe you heard at the time, ma'am."

"Oh, the sea is dreadful," remarked Mrs. Wylde. "We had a three day's gale off the Cape when I was coming from India; the waves rising mountains high, and beating us back every minute. I never was so frightened in my life. And now I must go," she added, beginning to tie the string of her grey chip bonnet, which she had untied for coolness; "but I must ask you to give a glass of water first."

Naomi called to her little maid, Ann, and the water was brought. After drinking it, Mrs. Wylde turned to pursue her way.

"What a beautiful cross that is!" she exclaimed in admiration, her eye catching sight of it as Naomi bent forward to close the gate after her.

"It never leaves my neck, ma'am, night or day, save when I want to renew the ribbon; I look upon it as a charm," spoke the old woman.

"Some relic, I suppose?"

"A relic of the Pomeroys, ma'am. My late lady gave it to me after Master Leolin was born. Her maid was ill at the time, and the nurse was taken ill; a sort of epidemic, I suppose it was, and they sent for me. My lady liked me to be about her; and though the two young women soon got well, she kept me for six weeks, and gave me this cross when I left. Oh, she was a good, considerate, sweet-tempered lady—and Master George is the very model of her. Good day, ma'am; my service to you."

Mrs. Wylde walked slowly home, her thoughts running in a desultory kind of way upon the interview. A lovely cross, she said to herself; quite out of place upon that old woman's wrinkled neck; it was perfectly absurd to give it to her. If Captain George were as indiscriminate as his mother in such matters, she would not say much for his sense. And what autocrats the Pomeroys seemed to have been always!—and how proud this old creature was of having served them! Thus Mrs. Wylde's reflections ran on, from one point to another—but never once did they recur to the "Prediction."

The days sped quickly onward, and the eve of the wedding arrived. Visitors, in the shape of Mr. and Mrs. Capel, came to the abbey; one or two to the White House; but the guests would chiefly assemble on the day only.

In the afternoon Alice sat in her own room, her maid Theresa busy packing. Just a small trunk of clothes would be conveyed to the abbey that evening; the rest would follow later. The Lords of Pomeroy disdained to follow the world's ordinary forms and customs, and Alice would on the morrow proceed direct to her new home.

Alice Wylde had borne up bravely She would not allow herself to recall the past; she thought she was successfully putting the recreant Rupert from her heart; and she did her best to *like* the Lord of Pomeroy, to look forward to a happy life with him. Only, now and again some slight incident would arise that served to bring back to memory a scene of happier days, and her whole frame would thrill with anguish. One occurred now.

"Are these flowers to go in, Miss Alice?"

"Flowers?" repeated Alice, listlessly. "What flowers? How you do worry, Theresa!"

"These, miss, that were between this tissue paper in your little drawer," replied Theresa. "Here's a rose, and a—what is it?—a white geranium, I think, Miss Alice, but they are dried up beyond knowing."

Alice turned her head to see the flowers—she had overlooked them when casting away others—and the tide of memory came rushing over her. They were the last *he* had ever given her, and too well she remembered *how* they were given; his words and his looks of love. She buried her face in her hands, and gave vent to a groan of pain.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GONE TO THE DOGS.

Money was lost!

There was no longer a doubt about it, and a general feeling of regret pervaded the household, from the kitchen where our soft-hearted Mary shed tears, to the nursery where the young folks howled disconsolately. Money was lost, stolen, or strayed; for our Money was not gold, silver, or copper; in fact it had to be paid for at the rate of five shillings a year. It ran about on four legs and its value never changed. It often howled dolefully at nights, and it often troubled us by day—wanting to go out when it was in, and to come in when it was out. It annoyed the neighbors who had cats, and often irritated our friends, who would darkly threaten when we were not supposed to be near. Indeed we had ourselves often wished Money at Jericho, and yet now the little-valued creature appeared to have betaken itself to that remote part of the globe, we all wished it back—praised its virtues and forgot its faults.

It, or rather his, original was Mona, being a native of Anglesey, born on the same day as our eldest hope, whose nurse, playmate, and guardian he had been for the nine years they had lived and frolicked together. Once he had dragged the child out of a pool and laid him, a wet bundle of petticoats, at his terrified mother's feet; another time he had followed and found him when he had wandered far away over the hills in determined pursuit of "that ikle star." In those days we felt comfortable about the child when Money was with him. Now that Arthur was at school, and grown beyond the need of his protection, the dog appeared to have transferred his affection, and taken charge of small Tots. But Arthur's short letters were usually half filled, as far as they could be made out, with affectionate messages concerning his dear friend and companions, Money, whose intelligence he never doubted.

"Whatever will Arthur say when we send word he's lost?" cried my wife in some distress. "It will spoil the poor darling's holiday."

"It is very vexatious," I agreed, "but he must get over it. It seems to have been nobody's fault; the dog has strayed from home in some unaccountable manner. Perhaps he may come back again yet."

"I wonder, if we were to offer a reward, put bills about, advertise in the *Times*—Charlie, would you mind?"

"Well, do as you like. I think bills would be the likeliest, as the kind of people who would keep Money would be scarcely likely to see the *Times*. I'm good for a couple of sovereigns, Bess; he's really not worth it, but if it's only to satisfy the boy and Tots here who looks so disconsolate and out of curl."

To tell the truth, I missed the old dog's bark of delight and welcome more than I cared to own. The very next day I saw our loss announced on large white papers in all the sleeping looking shops about our new neighborhood. Wherever I turned my eyes I read that "two guineas reward would be given to any person finding a large, rough, black dog, with a white spot on his head, and answering to the name of 'Money,' or 'Mona,' and bringing him to the house of Dr. Griffith, at 24A, Sunshine Terrace, Bath Road."

This golden offer had the effect of raising many false hopes and alarms among our young people, and also of introducing many curious varieties of the canine tribe to our notice. The surgery bell was constantly tugged at by all sorts of ragamuffins insisting on knowing if "this here was the dorg that Dr. Griffin was a-looking arter."

A fortnight had passed away, and poor old Money began to be spoken of as a memory of the past, when one morning we were disturbed at our breakfast by the announcement that the garden wall had been invaded, and our trim little green-house stripped of every pot of rare and pretty flowers that my wife had been at the trouble and expense of collecting there. We all rushed to the place, which presented a touching aspect of damage and destruction. I was half speechless with dismay and vexation.

"Oh, dear me, Charlie!" cried mamma, "this never could have happened if that dear old dog had been here."

"He'd a eated them up, wouldn't he, ma?" said Tots, peeping from behind, and staring about with wide-open eyes.

"To think of all your pretty flowerses being sold for old closes, mum," chimed in Mary, almost wringing her apron-strings off.

"Eh sure, mim, I shan't get a wink o' sleep to-night for thinking of them wicked thieves who may come and murder us all in our beds, and it's myself that's trimbling all over," chimed in Bridget.

"Don't be ridiculous, cook: they're only paltry thieves. I'll speak to the policeman; I dare say that he'll find out all about the vagabonds."

Accordingly I introduced myself to an intelligent member of the force—told him of our trouble and requested his advice and assistance.

"What am I to do? they'll come again for more before long, I suppose."

The policeman nodded affirmatively, then he said solemnly:

"Not if you have a dog, sir; them sort of light thieves, that are not exactly thieves, hate dogs like poison—worse than us policeman even."

"But we have lost ours, and really I have no time to go dog-hunting."

"If you're a-thinking of having another dog, sir, why don't you go to the Dog's Home? there's lots and lots of 'em there, cheap as dirt; it's pick and choose, and glad to get 'em a new master."

"That's not a bad idea, policeman; I never thought of that; but I had some idea that was only a place where stray dogs were taken to be owned or buried. I did not know they sold them."

"Oh yes, sir, there's an Act of Parliament passed on purpose. When a dog's took in it's kept three clear days, some of them as many weeks, and all the owner has to do is to claim him, and pay for his keep; if no one turns up to claim him, he's sold for very little more than his bill."

"And the poor things that are neither claimed nor sold?" asked my wife pityingly.

"Oh, they are popped out of their troubles in a moment. But you go and see them for yourself, sir; you'll find it a queer sight, and one as will make you think more of dogs than ever."

I took the man's advice and a ticket to York Road Station, Battersea Park.

The instant my footstep sounded on the stones, but before they could see me, the whole place became alive with noise and clamor; by some strage freemasonry, the arrival of a stranger was instantly known and signalled from cage to cage. A possible master or friend had come; at the very thought over four hundred doggish voices were raised in every variety of tone, yelling, screaming, squeaking, barking, "I'm here, I'm here in prison; oh! take me home, or I shall choke, fret, die; I—I—I'm the one you've come for; I can't get out!" This they said as plainly as ever Sterne's starling said it.

As I walked by some cried and sobbed piteously, others shouted, bawled, called; but almost all rushed forward to get a sniff and a glance at the new-comer, and each eager face looked into mine with a pitiful blank expression that haunted me for hours. It may seem absurd, but it is not less true, that those anxious, straining eyes, all on the watch for some loved or familiar face, touched me with a kind of dull pain, such as I have felt on looking in those of a sick child longing for something I could not give it. I don't think I had even noticed the almost human intelligence in a dog's eye before, but I have noted it a good many times since, and wondered almost uneasily at its dumb intensity.

As I wandered on past the compartments in which the dogs were classed, I could not avoid noticing the striking differences of temper and character, as well as of species; the small dogs came first, and they of course raised the loudest outcry, being most of them mere baby-dogs, and behaving as such; now crying and whimpering as though broken-hearted, now blundering over each other in a thoughtless frolic, little heeding the trouble of older dogs around.

It was strange to watch how they pushed and elbowed each other out of the reach of a friendly pat, and how gratefully they received a few words of condolence.

"It don't do to notice them, sir, it puts them off their food for long enough," said the keeper as he heard me "poor-fellowing" an ugly mongrel that by a series of gymnastics had managed to reach and lick the hand I had rested against the rails. "That kind of dog is the most affectionate of all, and once taken to is never to be got rid of; I'll be bound that he's hungry enough, but if I give him some biscuit he won't touch it for the next half-hour; they can't stand pity, sir, it makes them miserable, they're that tender-hearted."

In the larger enclosures were other stray dogs—big, black, mild-eyed retrievers; they did not bark and whine, but waited in silent, solemn composure; two huge, sullen hounds, that scowled at me in a dignified manner, as much as to say, "*You* never owned such gentlemen as us;" and several bull-dogs, suggestive of a muzzle, raw meat for dinner, and Bill Sykes for a master, besides many others to me of race unknown: but I saw nothing of Money, or indeed any dog like him.

"Ain't found your dog, sir?" asked the keeper, as I came to his green and yellow triangle again, and looked regretfully around.

"No," I said; "I'm afraid it's a bad case; I suppose I shall have to invest in another, but I should very much rather have had poor Money back again. You don't remember a black terrier with a round white spot on the top of his head—rather an odd looking dog?"

"Well, sir, we have so many odd-looking dogs here. Did you look in the infirmary? There's two there."

He led me to a small separate building in a corner where, on masses of clean straw which each invalid enjoyed in undisturbed loneliness, lay two dogs; one a cream-colored, black-muzzled ladies' pug, like a china ornament, valuable, quaint, and big-eyed; the other, rolled up asleep in a dark corner, I could not quite make out, but he looked too small for our lost terrier.

"No," I said, "he's not here."

The poor ugly pet looked piteously at me, and never stirred; but the mass of straw in the other cage was suddenly scattered, a rough black head poked out, and Money, our old Money, rolled moaning with delight over the hand I stretched out to him.

"I thought it might be him, sir; but we always leave it to the dogs to recognise their own masters; you see there's never no mistake about that, sir."

"Is he very ill?" I asked anxiously, as, his excitement over, I noticed that the poor dog could scarcely stand on his feet, and was thin as a basket.

"Aye, sir; he's fretted himself into a consumption wellnigh, which ain't uncommon, but if you take him home and nurse him up a bit he'll soon get well again, I have no doubt."

I did take him home, having settled the bill for his board, which was only two shillings a week, and he was tenderly received and welcomed. Tots almost smothered him with kisses, and cook gave him dainty messes. But somehow Money, after the first day's mad gladness, lay on the soft rug, languid and still, shivering in his sleep and often moaning softly in his waking hours; no play, no rushing after "a'cats;" the fact became evident, Money was dying. As a last chance I fetched a veterinary surgeon to look at our poor favorite, and that gentleman said:

"It's been too great a shock for his nerves; another twenty four hours and he would have been dead; as it is—well, he may recover, but it will be a work of patience and time which some people would not care to give a dog You had better send him over to me—it's only a lump of sugar business," he whispered over Tots head.

"I will take any trouble over him if he can be made well again," said Arthur, just home from school.

The prescription was port wine and strong beef-tea, to be administered once every hour. At first Money totally refused to swallow the mixture, but having been coaxed and persuaded, took it for the sake of obliging his little master, then he took it because he liked it, and gradually grew stronger, left off shivering, and at last was able once more to run races with his nurse. Now I think he has almost recovered from his visit to the dogs.

In the course of the seasons, the time has arrived when the young man sits in the parlor, with the idol of his soul, and thinks he would be in heaven if he were married; whereas the girl's father, who has been married for some period, probes around the house with a kerosene lamp, looking for some cold grub for his supper, and he smiles a smile suggestive of sad experience when he reflects that he was once young and beautiful himself, and as big a fool as the young man on the sofa.

The Chinese Minister to England made a bold departure from Oriental custom by allowing his wife to be present and do the honors as hostess at a recent entertainment he gave in London. The higher class of Chinese, like other Orientals, keep women strictly secluded from the public gaze.

A pleasant jest in time of misfortune gives courage to the heart, strength to the arm, and digestion to the stomach.

NELL.

BY J. W.

"Here I am—Elinor Royston: my education finished and myself ready to commence life, with a fortune of three hundred a year, a large and varied assortment of old valentinse, a canary which cannot sing and a pug dog with a bad temper. Oh! and a heap of hideous dresses and an adorable new ulster."

So exclaimed a young lady as she stood in momentary stillness upon the hearth rug, after a breathless burst into the drawing-room of Oaktree Hall. The master of the mansion, Graham Daglish, had been reading in the peaceful enjoyment of a splendid fire and a luxurious arm chair: which, upon the girl's entrance, he had quitted, and came forward a few steps to greet her.

"Well," said Miss Royston, after a moment's pause, in a tone of wonder, and gazing frankly into the eyes of her companion, "are you not going to ask me how I am?"

"How do you do?" Daglish nodded coolly. "I thought you were too much engaged in taking that inventory of your property for such a ceremony as shaking hands."

"How do you like my ulster? Don't you like it? It's all pockets," she said, thrusting her hand into one receptacle, then into another.

"What a silly baby you are," Daglish cried, trying very hard to frown, and not to smile, at the lovely glowing face now raised to his.

"Do you want everybody to be the Methuselah that you are?" Elinor pouted.

A shadow crossed his countenance at the random words. Elinor Royston was nineteen; Graham Daglish nine and thirty; and as the dew and sunshine are necessary to the life of the flowers, so seemed this wayward, winning girl to Graham Daglish to be essential to his existence. When twelve years ago she was left an orphan to their care both Daglish and his mother regarded the trust as a serious and unwelcome responsibility, but time had changed their views. The old lady called Elinor her sunshine, and Graham had grown to love the sweet various-mooded girl with all the strength and devotion of his resolute nature.

Elinor's late absence at school was a source of deep regret, and now upon her return home for good, high festival would be held in the hearts and in the mansion of Oaktree.

"Are you not glad that I have finished with that detestable school?" she continued after a short pause.

"It depends upon how much you know What can you tell me conscientiously you have learnt, Nell?"

She took her stand immediately before him, and checked off her accomplishments on the pretty fingers of her left hand as she spoke.

"Music," she answered.

"Voice and piano gymnastics, I should rather say."

"German, the whole of the French language. Drawing and painting. Geography."

"Could you stand a good examination in the capital cities of Europe?" he interrupted,

"I should not like it, she frankly allowed. "But what does it matter? Everybody is not an old bookworm like you. Perhaps when I am your age I shall know nothing else."

"I have yet to learn that ignorance is interesting," said Daglish, crossly, under the irritation of her allusions.

"So I am ignorant now, and I was silly before; you need not have told me so in the first hour that I am at home—at Oak tree, I mean," she said, in proud correction of herself.

Occupied with his own bitter reflections, Daglish did not notice the halt and change of expression. But his indifference was differently construed by the girl, who gathering up her hat and gloves, swept from the room in anger.

"He gave me no welcome, although I offered him so many opportunities," she said to herself, as, brushing the hot tears from her eyes, she closed the door.

However melancholy, though, the effect was to be upon his intellect, Mr. Graham Daglish had very soon to witness the terrible process: for next day the mansion of Oaktree filled with Christmas visitors, and one of these, Mr. Arthur Young, fell straightway in love with the brilliant beauty and charming ways of Elinor Royston, and his tender sentiments Mr. Young by no means concealed from an interested world. Miss Royston seemed, too, to be receiving his attentions with favor and complaisance.

Daglish might witness the position of events with despair of spirit, but as her guardian he could make no reasonable objection to Arthur Young, who was an honest, handsome young fellow, and heir to a good property. Before-hand, though, he would not have supposed him the kind of man to attract bright, original Nell Royston. Her preference, however, was clear enough; in fact, with the encouragement Young received, the only marvel was that he did not urge his suit more boldly.

* * * * * *

The new year had come in, and all the Hall guests were gone save Arthur Young; and he would appear to have taken up a permanent residence there.

"I wish I had one of those crimson roses that are in the conservatory," said Miss Royston late one afternoon, as they all sat in the drawing-room.

"They are all well out now, you can have twenty," said Graham Daglish, looking off his paper for a minute.

"Let me get them for you, Miss Royston," said Young, with very unnecessary alacrity Graham Daglish thought. "How shall I find them?"

"Thank you, you are always kind. I will show you the tree," replied Miss Royston, with still more unnecessary alacrity ill-used Daglish considered.

The pair strolled away into the conservatory, Daglish wishing, too late, that he had offered to get the blossoms. To torment himself further he pulled out his watch to observe how long the offenders would be gone.

But at length the guilty ones reappeared, just as twenty minutes were completed; not a bad allowance of time for plucking a couple of roses. Daglish surreptitiously pocketed his watch, affecting not to notice their return; but every gay laugh of Nell's went into his bosom like a poniard thrust.

The next day was one of singular beauty as regards weather, and the saddle-horses were ordered round early, for Arthur and Elinor proposed to take a long ride.

As she stood by her steed, Daglish offered to help Miss Royston mount.

"You need not trouble," said Elinor, coldly, the incident of his neglect with regard to the flower rankling in her mind. "I prefer the groom; you either lift me short, or nearly fling me over on the other side."

At the same time Young rushed forward, and seeing only a servant in attendance, cried:

"Let me put you up, Miss Royston."

And she accepted his attendance with the most gracious smile.

Upon their return, which was not until three or four o'clock in the afternoon, Daglish noticed that Elinor was very much subdued in spirits.

To the circumstance, though, he did not attach much meaning or importance until an event the following morning gave the depression and ailment a new significance. The event was Arthur Young's making the startling announcement in the course of breakfast of a necessity for his leaving by the first train.

"Is it possible, Mr. Young? and so suddenly, too!" exclaimed Mrs. Daglish.

"You don't really mean it, old man!" cried Graham Daglish.

The only person who showed no surprise was Miss Elinor Royston.

"Well, Nell, are we to have a wedding?" asked Mrs. Daglish, while they were still sitting in the unsettled state that a hasty departure of one member leaves any family.

At that same inopportune moment a servant entered with a message from a poor widow, a pensioner at the Hall, begging she would see her with respect to some trouble that she was in.

Off bustled the kindly old lady, leaving Graham and Elinor to discuss the delicate topic she had introduced.

"Is that true, Nell?" asked Daglish in a low tone.

"What if it be?" said Miss Royston, flashing defiance upon him from her eyes. "It is nothing to you."

"Nothing!" he cried. "It is much, Elinor," he said, speaking calmly, but with a certain tender gravity, "Your happiness is almost my chief concern. Arthur Young is a good enough young fellow, his position suitable, and all that, if you feel that he is calculated to make you happy, and you love him."

"It is something to be loved—to feel that one is cared for. Love to me is what water is to a man dying of thirst," she cried passionately.

"Elinor! Is that speech the fit reward of your treatment here?"

"Forgive me—forgive me!" she said, bursting into tears. "I am ungrateful; but that is just my trouble; I am a species of dependant; the recipient of charity—kindly, generous charity, still charity."

"Well," he said, and he took both her hands into his and looked straight at her, "I think you should know how much your presence is valued here. To my mother you are almost necessary, and as for myself," he added; with a curious break in his voice, "gone, you leave me a solitary man for life. But heaven forgive me! I never meant to distress you by saying so much."

"Why should you not? Your—your conduct——"

Then Miss Royston's tears flowed afresh—choking utterance. Her head she turned aside to hide her tell-tale face.

But not before Daglish had caught something of its tell-tale expression.

"Child, let there be no misunderstanding between us in this supreme moment. If you have given your heart to Arthur Young, marry him, and happiness go with you."

"You have no right to say such a thing," pouted Elinor, interrupting him.

"Much right and much reason I think," he answered; "although you will very likely set it down to jealousy."

Over Miss Royston's features a brilliant smile flitted sufficiently expressive of successful mischief. But her triumph was his also, for he saw and interpreted the sign not altogether incorrectly.

"Nell, could you ever learn to love me?" he asked, abruptly.

Miss Royston apparently needed time to gauge her capabilities in that respect, for she gave Graham Daglish no reply for a minute or two; and while she hesitated two strong arms stole around her, and a voice whispered:

"Are you mine, to be my own darling cherished wife?"

Miss Royston seemed still to be afflicted with a difficulty of speech, but she suffered without opposition, or even remonstrance, the bondage in which she was detained.

"I am sorry for that poor fellow, Young, upon my word I am," said Daglish presently, with the generosity of happiness, when he had recovered from his first ecstacies of joy. And then suddenly a painful doubt assailed his mind. "Elinor, you gave him no promise yesterday, did you?" he asked, in quick dread of losing his new found treasure. "What passed between you?"

"Never mind," she answered, blushing. "It was his own fault, and Mr. Young will recover it in time, whatever it was."

"Well, I am afraid you used him badly."

"There! you begin to lecture me at once," she cried, starting away, and holding up her hand admonishingly. "Not so bad as you may imagine. Public impressions were carefully corrected in private."

How Raisins are Prepared.—A strip of land bordering the Mediterranean, somewhat less than 100 miles in length and in width not exceeding 5 or 6, is the raisin producing territory of Spain. Beyond these boundaries the Muscatel grape, from which the raisin is principally produced, may grow and thrive abundantly, but the fruit must go to the wine market or the wine press. When the grapes begin to ripen in August the farmer carefully inspects the fruit as it lies on the warm dry soil, and one by one clips the clusters as they reach perfection. In almost all vineyards slants of masonry are prepared, looking like unglazed hot beds, and covered with fine pebbles, on which the fruit is exposed to dry. But the small proprietor prefers not to carry his grapes so far. It is better, he thinks, to deposit them nearer at hand, where there is less danger of bruising, and where bees and wasps are in less danger of finding them. Day by day the cut branches are examined and turned, till they are sufficiently cured to be borne to the house, usually on the hill top, and there deposited in the empty wine press, till enough have been collected for the trimmers and packers to begin their work. At this stage piles of rough dried raisins are brought forth from the wine press and heaped on boards. One by one the bunches are carefully inspected, those of the first quality being trimmed of all irregularities and imperfect berries and deposited in piles by themselves; so in turn are treated those of the second quality, while the clippings and inferior fruit are received into baskets at the feet of the trimmers and reserved for home consumption. A quantity of small wooden trays are now brought forward. In these papers are laid so as to lap over and cover the raisins deposited even in the trays, which are then subjected to heavy pressure in a rude press. They are then dropped into the boxes for market.

News of Interest

The Sultan of Turkey is 36.

The French vintage does not promise well.

The finest flour in Germany is now said to be made with glass millstones.

The German Emperor will celebrate his golden wedding in Berlin and Potsdam next June.

Valentine Baker Pasha now holds the command of eighty battalions of the Turkish army.

Frank Buckland, the naturalist, declares that babies will swim naturally and easily if put into water.

The Empress of Austria may not after all visit Ireland, her people having begun to grumble at the expense.

A Belgian physician says the prevalence of color blindness in his country is due to the too general and excessive use of tobacco.

The ladies of Holland, with their silver and gold trimmings for the hair, and their modern bonnets over all, appear grotesque and sometimes homely.

The newest petticoats are flounced to the waist at the back. First there is a row of narrow Russian lace, then there is a deep flounce edged with embroidery and lace.

Lydia Squinn, the last lineal descendant of the famous Indian, King Philip, is still living at New Bedford, Mass., and although 83 years old, is bright and vigorous.

About fifteen tons of stone have been sold in London to American visitors and to rural Englishmen, as pieces of Cleopatra's Needle. Of course they were never near the needle.

Commodore Garrison, who isn't a minute less than 75 years of age, has married Miss Letitia Willett Randall, of St. Louis, a young lady of 25. Before the marriage, $300,000 were settled upon her.

A shipowner of Zaandam, Holland, is worth $80,000,000, but he lives in a house worth only $4,000, and he enjoys himself sitting in the little dooryard playing dominoes with his two daughters.

There is quite a mania for wearing pearls, and it is probable that during the winter they will be worn more than diamonds. Black and pink pearls are quite as popular as white ones.

Captain Bundy, a Chicago Methodist, has fitted up a boat to travel in as an evangelist. He makes landings at places along the shores of the Lakes, holds revival meetings, and is said to be exceedingly successful.

The Russian Government has prohibited the practice of medicine in the province of Novgorod to several ladies who finished their medical studies at the military hospital of St. Petersburg, and possess their legal certificate.

The Russian government talks of exiling its criminals to the marble quarries of Finland instead of sending them to Siberia. This marble is susceptible of a high polish, and promises to be a very important article of export.

The Japanese Government has awakened to the necessity of preserving its forests, and stringent regulations have been made, not only to hinder the too rapid destruction of the forests, but to increase the area of woodland.

At the birth of a child in Cyprus a vessel of wine is buried, to be served up afterwards at its marriage. A certain superstition attaches to this wine, for, whatever may be the fate of the child, it is never employed in commerce.

Cotton mills are becoming numerous in India, more particularly in Bombay, and it seems probable that with improved machinery, cheap labor, and the saving on freight, they will be able to compete successfully with English goods.

Edward Ward whipped his wife so outrageously at Charlevoix, Mich., that his neighbors tarred and feathered him; but the wife removed the tar and feathers from him, bound up his wounds, and accompanied him in his migration from the county.

Fancy runs riot in caps. Some are made of pieces of India shawls, and trimmed with many colored ribbons; others are made of pocket handkerchiefs with fancy borders, but these are so twisted about that it is difficult to recognize them when mounted as caps.

"Jumping sheets" are being introduced into the English fire brigades. They are of stout canvas, with sixteen loops or handles, to be held by so many men, and so break the fall of a person jumping into them from a burning house. Trials have resulted very satisfactorily.

The wife of General Sherman has left Washington for Baltimore, in which city she will pass the winter. Owing to the feebleness of her health, she will give up the social season, and devote her remaining strength to the education of her son Tecumseh and her daughter Rachel.

William P. Longley ("Bill Longley"), who was lately hung at Giddings, Texas, was 27 years of age. He was tall and graceful, with a dark moustache and goatee, a nose slightly Roman, white, pearly teeth, and mild, hazel eyes. He claimed to have perpetrated 32 murders.

Throughout France gardening is practically taught in the primary and elementary schools. There are at present 28,000 of these schools, each of which has a garden attached to it, and is under the care of a master capable of imparting a knowledge of the first principles of horticulture.

It is stated, and is likely enough, that Turkey says she cannot carry out the reforms England demands, unless England will pay for them by advancing $30,000,000 on the revenue of Cyprus. This propping up of Turkey has cost England a frightfully long bill, and bids fair to cost as much more.

There is a prospect that America will presently once more behold a Prince. The second son of the Crown Prince of Germany is about to start on a voyage around the world on board a German corvette. Prince Henry holds the rank of a Lieutenant in the Navy, but his father has specially commanded that he shall be treated like an ordinary cadet.

The Grand Orient of Free Masons in France has expunged from its ritual all recognition of God, and in consequence the Grand Lodges of Ireland, Scotland, and England have severed all relations with the French body. Action by the Grand Lodges of the United States and Canada will be taken soon.

Judge Simmons, of St. Louis, Mo., holds that street crossings are made for the convenience of persons on foot, and that it is the duty of the drivers of all vehicles, including street cars, not only to check their speed when any person is on a crossing, but to stop where there might be the least danger of a collision.

The Chief of the Seminole tribe of Indians was recently found dead in the everglades of Florida, having been bitten by a moccasin. While in a state of intoxication he is supposed to have lain on the snake, and was bitten several times. He was 70 years old, and known among the tribe as Great Tiger. His son, aged 20, a young warrior, succeeds him.

Spots Upon the Sun

do not visibly diminish the brilliancy of that luminary, but spots upon the face, neck or arms materially detract from female beauty. Fortunately LAIRD'S BLOOM OF YOUTH banishes all such defects, and renders the complexion clear and spotless. Sallowness, pimples, blotches, freckles and other disfigurements quickly disappear under its magical influence, and the texture of the skin is wonderfully improved by its use. It is an indispensable adjunct of the feminine toilet.

THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH.

In the evening I sit near my poker and tongs,
And I dream in the firelight's glow,
And sometimes I quaver forgotten old songs
That I listened to long ago.
Then out of the cinders there cometh a chirp
Like an echoing, answering cry—
Little we care for the outside world,
My friend the cricket and I.

For my cricket has learnt—I am sure of it quite—
That this earth is a silly, strange place,
And perhaps he's been beaten and hurt in the fight,
And perhaps he's been passed in the race:
But I know he has found it far better to sing
Than to talk of ill luck and to sigh—
Little we care for the outside world,
My friend the cricket and I.

Perhaps he has loved, and perhaps he has lost,
And perhaps he is weary and weak,
And tired of life's torrent so turbid and tost,
And disposed to be mournful and meek:
Yet still I believe that he thinks it is best
To sing and let troubles float by—
Little we care for the outside world,
My friend the cricket and I.

WEAKER THAN A WOMAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA THORNE," "THE COST OF HER LOVE," "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT."

CHAPTER XII—[CONTINUED.]

"He had not taken one thought, one word, one look, one smile from me, has he, sweet? Oh, my darling, if I could take you where your beauty could gladden no eyes but my own! It seems to me, Violet, that this fever of longing is burning my heart away. Will the longed for time never come?"

"Yes, it will come," she replied; and this time she did not add her usual remark—"I have not quite promised, you know."

She was sorry for him. She could not quite understand his feelings, but she had some dim perception of what he suffered, of the torture of his love and jealousy, of the greatness of his love. She saw such pain in his face and in the trembling of his lips that she did what she had never voluntarily done before—she caressed him of her own free will; she laid her hand on the clustering hair, and drew his face down to hers. She turned her sweet lips to him.

"You need not fear, Felix," she whispered. "I love you—no one but you!"

"That was worth walking a hundred miles for," he said. "If you are so kind to me, Violet, I am afraid that I shall run over every night. I would walk all day and all night for the chance of hearing such words."

The dew was falling, and the fragrance of the lilac floated round them.

"I must not stay, Felix," she murmured.

"No; I will not ask you. My darling, say once more to me the words I love to hear—say, 'Felix, I belong to you.' Say it, Violet!" he added with sudden passion.

"Felix, I belong to you," she whispered, and he was content. He touched the lilac flowers with his hand.

"Darling," he said, "I shall love every lilac that blooms because it will remind me of this night and of you. See, there are dew-drops on your hair! You must not stay, sweet; you must go in, Violet. You will repeat my name before you sleep to-night, and when you wake? You will say, 'Felix I love Felix, and will be true to him.'"

"Yes," she answered.

He touched the little golden chain that she wore round her neck.

"I wish I were that chain. I wish I were the golden ring of hair that lies on your face. I wish—oh, Violet, I am mad with wishing—mad with longing! But I love you so dearly."

In another minute he was gone. The moon was shining, the dew lay upon the lilacs, and Violet stood alone, her heart beating as it had never beaten before.

"After all, it is better to be loved than to be rich," she thought—"it is better to have love than riches. I—I wish that I had always been kinder to Felix; but I did not think—I did not understand."

She stood for some minutes while the western wind cooled the hot flesh on her face, and she became calmer as she watched the pale light of the moon.

"There is nothing like love," she repeated; "and there never yet was any love like his for me."

If the girl's father and mother suspected anything they made no sign, they said no word, and Violet was grateful.

It happened three days later that Felix, finding he had a leisure hour in the afternoon, went over to the Limes. He took with him a little bouquet of roses; they were the first choice ones he had seen, and he knew that Violet loved roses. He found her at home; and he was received with civility, though not with warmth, by her parents. Violet was pleased with the roses. She praised them—she buried her face in them, and Felix wished with all his heart that he were one of them.

While he sat there, a box came from the Hall. Francis Haye was excited about it. It must be opened at once—he could not imagine what it contained. Felix offered to help, and his offer was eagerly accepted. The first thing they saw was a magnificent bouquet—such a bouquet as had never been seen in Lilford—the conservatories must have been robbed to provide it. There were camellias, red and white, gardenias, stephanotis, white heath, heliotrope, lemon-scented verbena—the rarest and loveliest flowers that grew. A little white card was at the side of it—a card which bore the hackneyed quotation, "'Sweet to the sweet.' For Miss Haye, with Sir Owen Chevenix's compliments."

Violet gave a little cry of delight when she saw it. Mrs. Haye took it up in her hands, and turning it round, said, in a most impressive voice—

"This is worth five guineas, at least."

Then they uncovered several bunches of superb grapes, some fine peaches and apricots—delicacies such as previously Violet had only heard mentioned—also a dozen bottles of choice Madeira for Mr. Haye.

"It is very kind of him," said Francis Haye—"wonderfully kind. I have never met with anyone so generous."

And Felix who was far above all ignoble jealousy, joined in praise of the Baronet. But when Violet stood at the garden gate alone with him he said half sadly—

"What does it all mean, Violet? I cannot understand it." For to his mind—so brave, so noble, so incapable of meanness or wrong—it had not occurred to him that any man could deliberately try to take his betrothed wife from him. He would have scorned the notion—he never even ever so faintly suspected it, until it was too late. But, as he stood there—and it was only natural—there came to him for a moment a passionate longing for wealth. If he could only make such presents as those he had just helped to unpack!

"Violet," he said half sadly, "I am afraid my roses seem very poor and trifling by the side of all Sir Owen's magnificence. My darling, if I could coin my heart's blood into gold and lavish it upon you, I would do so. My poor roses!"

She laughed a low rippling laugh, that sounded very sweetly to him.

"Those beautiful flowers will stand in mamma's favorite old china bowl," she said. "Look where one of your roses is"—pointing to the bodice of her dress; "they shall change places if you like."

A passionate embrace was Felix Lonsdale's only response; and as he walked home that night he felt that he was the happiest man in the world.

CHAPTER XIII.

There was no place in England prettier than the old parish church at Lilford. It was an old Norman edifice, with quaint square towers and an harmonious peal of bells. The church stood on rising ground, and behind it was a grove of oak-trees—fine old spreading oaks, that had seen many generations of men and women come and go. Great green hills stretched out on either side—hills with quiet little hamlets nestling on their wooded slopes; little old-world villages were dotted around, and the old church stood up royally on the hill-side. The walls were gray, and covered with ivy, the old windows were of stained glass; ivy covered the square towers, the old porch with its stone seat was a marvel of architecture; the path that led to it was bordered by lime-trees; look where one would one saw nothing but ripples of foliage and a gold green light.

Sunday in Lilford was a day that would have charmed a poet. The very spirit of peace and rest seemed to brood over the earth, while the sweet chime of the Sabbath bells sounded through the venerable oaks.

So long as he could remember, Felix had always walked home with Violet from church; when they were children they ran down the hills together in very gladness of heart, but now they walked sedately, Felix almost forgetting the beauty of the fair world around him, as he looked into the beautiful face of the young girl by his side—Violet faintly conscious of the admiring glances that came from all sides, yet really trying with all her heart to disregard them because it was Sunday.

It would hardly have seemed like Sunday to Felix if his privilege had been withdrawn. He went, as usual, on the first Sunday in June, when the old church was looking its fairest and the sunlight on the oak-trees was wonderful to see. There was Violet, her beautiful face shining he thought, like the face of an angel; there was Evelyn, looking like a fair, meek saint.

Great was his surprise to see Sir Owen Chevenix also. It was the first time that he had made his appearance at the church, and the congregation was just a little excited about it. Doctor Hunter, on seeing him there, fondly fancied that it was due to the fame of his effective preaching. Lady Rolfe suspected that the charming Lavinia had lured him there, but the Vicar's wife, shrewd Mrs. Hunter, sighed and smiled. "It is the old, old story," she said to herself, and then she reproached herself for the thought and applied herself to the Psalms.

Felix did not think much about the matter. He was not ashamed to bow his handsome head, and join with all his heart in the beautiful words of the service; but when it was all over he hastened to meet Violet. She was standing with her mother, and, to his surprise, Sir Owen Chevenix was talking to them. He gave a careless nod to Felix, but continued talking.

"I beg that you will let me drive you home, Mrs. Haye," he was saying. "To tell you the truth, I ordered my carriage on purpose—I did indeed. It is a lovely morning, and if you will permit it, we will drive round by Queen's Ash."

He did not look at Violet as he spoke. He knew that whatever her mother did she must do. Felix had taken her hand. He did not care if all the world knew what he had to say.

"You will not break through the old custom of walking home with me, Violet, or rather of allowing me to walk home with you?"

She looked from one to the other with real distress in her face. Sir Owen did not even glance at her; he knew that his cause was safe in Mrs. Haye's hands.

"Violet," said Felix, "you cannot hesitate;" and the girl stood looking at him while her mother said—

"Really I do not know what answer to give you, Sir Owen. I do not know what people will say."

"Why, what does that matter, Mrs. Haye?"

"Well, you see, Sir Owen, Lilford is a small place, and, 'everybody' knows 'every thing.'"

"My dear lady, what can it matter if all the world knows of this? I shall be very proud of the honor, I assure you. Lady Rolfe would not require so much pressing."

The last words, vulgar as was the spirit which dictated them, quite determined Mrs. Haye. Evidently if she did not go with him, he would drive Lady Rolfe and her daughter. She simpered a little.

"Since you are so kind, we will accept your offer," she said. "It certainly will be very pleasant. I always tell Haye that the thing I want to make me perfectly happy is a carriage. Now, Violet."

"Violet will allow me to escort her, Mrs. Haye," suggested Felix.

"Oh, no," replied Mrs. Haye, "Violet must come with me! I cannot go alone and leave Violet with you. Another time, Felix, you shall be her escort. Sir Owen has been kind enough to order his carriage for us; it would be really impolite to refuse. We will say good morning to you now." And she watched him while he shook hands first with her and then with Violet.

His handsome young face had grown white even up to the lips; but what could he do? He was a gentleman, he could not raise a "scene;" he could not take the girl from her mother's side against her will; he had no carriage with roan steeds, and coachman and footman in livery. What could he do? Only one thing. If Violet was to go in the carriage he himself would put her into it. The Baronet's hand should not even touch his darling's dress.

So he walked by her side down the avenue of limes, and they reached the high road where the carriage stood. There were many curious eyes watching them. Lady Rolfe and the fair Lavinia looked on in angry indignation.

"What does that girl mean by encouraging Sir Owen?" said the mother. Surely one lover ought to be enough for her. Felix Lonsdale must be blind."

"Perhaps he cannot help himself, mamma," returned the philosophical daughter, and in that she was right.

When Felix had helped Violet into the carriage, he bent over her to arrange her dress.

"Darling, you would have sooner walked home with me, would you not?"

"Yes, I would," she replied; and after that the disappointment was not quite so hard to bear. He had one satisfaction; he turned away without a word or a bow to Sir Owen.

"This is pleasant," said Mrs. Haye, as the carriage rolled swiftly along the high road. "Violet, of all the luxuries of life give me a carriage."

The luxury and grandeur were certainly very pleasant; while the novelty delighted Violet.

Sir Owen did nothing to alarm her. He talked to Mrs. Haye, while he merely looked at Violet. He was wonderfully solicitous that she should be comfortable, and there was only one drawback to Violet's pleasure, the memory of the pain on her lover's face.

"How I wish Felix had a carriage!" she said to herself. "But that will never be."

She enjoyed her father's surprise when the horses stopped at the Limes, and she wondered what her mother meant when she said—

"If I had a chance of keeping such a carriage as that, I should not lightly throw it away."

CHAPTER XIV.

It was a bright day in June, the lilacs and roses were all in flower, the laburnums were in the full perfection of their golden glory, and again the sun at noon day found Sir Owen at the Limes. He had discovered Violet in the garden dreaming idly amongst the roses. It was a picturesque, old-fashioned garden, with quaint-looking seats under the trees and a pretty arbor of trellis-work in the background. Sir Owen professed himself so charmed with it that he would not go into the house, and Mr. and Mrs. Haye went out to meet him there.

After the first greetings were over he turned to Violet.

"Miss Haye," he said, "I have come on purpose to see you. Do you remember our conversation about a *fete* in the park? You said you thought it would be very pleasant."

Violet looked up with animation.

"Yes, I remember," she replied. "I had forgotten it."

"I have come to say that if it pleases you I will give orders for everything to be prepared for it. What do you say?"

She looked at him with a curious expression on her face, while her father and mother glanced at each other.

"What do I say?" she echoed. "I have nothing to say, Sir Owen, but that I have no doubt that it would be very pleasant."

Sir Owen looked disconcerted. After a pause, he added—

"But you do not understand. If I give the *fete* at all, it will be in your honor and to please you. Everything in it will be as you wish—you shall choose your own amusements—indeed, you shall be the queen of it. Now what do you say?"

Mrs. Haye frowned at her daughter.

"You must really show some little interest in it, Violet," she said, "since Sir Owen is so good as to consult you."

"'Consult'—that is just the right word, Mrs. Haye—thank you. That reminds me," he added, with a smile, "Lady Rolfe told me to consult her when I found myself in any difficulty."

Violet looked up with an air of great relief.

"I wish you would," she said. "She knows far more about such matters than I do."

"But you see it is your opinion I want, not hers," said Sir Owen. "I thought of this—a *fete* in the park, and, to wind up with a grand ball in the house. We could have Pearson's quadrille band from London; and I thought of sending to Gunter for the supper. What do you think of it?"

Her beautiful face paled a little and then flushed.

"I think it would be most delightful," she replied.

"Though Mr. Haye is an invalid, still he would like to see everything going on," continued Sir Owen. "Perhaps he, Mrs. Haye, and yourself would come to the Hall on the day before the *fete* and stay until the day after."

"I should like it very much," declared Mr. Haye. "I have not had such a treat for years."

"Nor have I," said his wife. "I cannot imagine anything that I should like better."

After that Violet could raise no objections.

"But you must grant me one favor," continued Sir Owen—"you must promise to open the ball with me."

Again the girl's beautiful face flushed and paled; but her mother looked impatiently at her.

"Why do you hesitate, Violet?" she said. "It is an honor of which any lady in the country might be proud."

"You consent, then?" pursued Sir Owen.

"Yes, I am willing," she replied, inwardly dreading all that Felix would say about it, yet half delighted with the idea.

"And I have your sanction for all that I do. Is there anything you wish to suggest in the way of improvement?"

"No, I think not," she replied, more than half frightened.

"What do you say to Tuesday week?" he asked. "Then I can drive over here and take you all over to Garswood on Monday. Lady Rolfe will stay two days; we shall be quite a pleasant little party. I may rely upon you?"

"Yes," agreed Violet, still somewhat nervous; then, looking up at him quite suddenly, "Why do you set store by my opinion and sanction?" she asked. "I do not know anything of these matters; I do not understand why you consult me."

Sir Owen laughed a loud hearty laugh that was music to the ears of Francis Haye and his wife.

"I have a reason," he replied, "and a very serious one; I will speak to you about it later on."

She could not imagine to what he alluded, and Mrs. Haye listened with silence.

Sir Owen showed her a list of names.

"I thought of sending invitations to these people," he said. "If there are any among them you do not like, strike them out; if there are any you wish to ask, add them."

She read the long list of names, and then produced her little pencil-case; she added two more—those of Evelyn Lester and Felix Lonsdale.

"That is her lover," thought Sir Owen, as he looked reflectively at them. "Well, he may come—it will save trouble. When he sees all that he will see, he will be taught a lesson."

Violet was more pleased and contented when he smiled. She did not know why she felt so greatly relieved.

Then Sir Owen rose to take his leave; he was going to London that evening, he said, and it would be some days before he would see them again. He asked Violet to go with him to the garden-gate; and again, when Mrs. Haye saw the particular expression on her husband's face, she whispered—

"Not one word, Francis Haye, not one word, or you will spoil it all." and he obediently held his peace.

They saw a look of perplexity on Violet's beautiful face all that day, and she lost her animation. She fell into long fits of musing; she was unlike herself; but no word from father or mother helped her in her difficulty, or solved her doubts.

Felix had been quite pleased about his invitation: he smiled and thought to himself how foolish he had been. What could be more natural than that Sir Owen should admire his beautiful Violet? He could not help it, he told himself that he had been unreasonably jealous, that here was a proof of it; if Sir Owen had entertained any false, dishonorable notion of supplanting him in Violet's affection here was a proof he had changed his mind. Another and more generous idea still came to him—namely, that Sir Owen had not known at first that Violet was engaged, and hence had admired her; but, that, now he did know it, he had changed his ideas.

"Some one had told him," thought generous Felix, "and that is why he invites me."

This noble-hearted man could not imagine a fellow-man holding out one hand with a smile, while he clutched a dagger in the other. He was sorry for having misjudged him, and thought to himself that on the day of the *fete* he would seek out Sir Owen, and shake hands with him. So, to Violet's great relief, there was no cloud on his face when he told her that he would be pleased to attend the *fete*.

But he looked very thoughtful when Violet told him of the invitation.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THROUGH SUFFERING.

BY MAUD MURRAY.

Brightly the sun shone, sweetly the birds carolled that balmy May afternoon, and there was nothing fairer in nature than the face of Maude Hanmer, the young schoolmistress, as, her duties over, she lingered on her way homeward, to enjoy the beautiful day.

Pretty she certainly was, or at least so thought Philip Annersley, as he rode slowly by, the reins hanging carelessly on his horse's neck; and Maude, lifting her eyes with a look of curiosity, encountered those of the handsome stranger.

Raising his hat, he inquired, courteously, "Can you direct me to the house of the late Mr. Morant?"

"Easily," she replied. "It is the large house upon the hill. You catch a glimpse of it through the trees."

Thanking her, he passed on; and Maude blushed as she recalled the evident admiration expressed in the dark eyes.

Philip Annersley was the only son of a rich widow. His father died when he was but an infant, leaving him, and a sister, a few years his senior, to the guardianship of Mrs. Annersley. And, as the result of her judicious training, more than any one in the world, Philip reverenced and loved his mother.

The death of an uncle had left him heir to his estates; and it was to examine his new possession that he now visited Acton.

He found all as it had been during his uncle's life; even the old servants seemed not a day older than when he had spent the vacation of his boyhood with his father's only brother.

After his solitary dinner, as he reclined at ease upon the luxurious sofa, the housekeeper entered to ask which room should be prepared for him. The desired information being given, as she was leaving the room he asked: "Who lives in the brown cottage, at the foot of the hill?"

"Farmer Grant, sir," she answered.

"I inquired the way there this afternoon, my memory not serving me correctly. A young lady informed me. Mr. Grant's daughter?"

"Law, no! that must have been Miss Hanmer, the schoolmistress. Mr. Grant has no girls."

"Those trees must be cut down, they obstruct the view," Philip said next day to the old gardener. "Get some one to help you—have them cut down and taken away."

"John Grant has a good team, and is not very busy now."

"I will see him myself," he replied.

That evening Philip Annersley knocked at the door of John Grant's cottage, and his business discussed with Farmer Grant, but not so entirely settled as to render another call unnecessary, it was only natural that a talk should spring up in which Maude Hanmer participating, showed Philip an interesting and well stored mind.

After that evening, they met frequently, Philip Annersley, the man of the world—Maude Hanmer the village teacher. The days flew by, they lengthened into weeks, and still he lingered.

"What," whispered the Annersley pride,—"what would my haughty mother, my high-bred sister, say to a low-born wife? And yet, I cannot—I will leave this place to-morrow."

Yet the morrow found him by Maude's side, listening to her sweet voice, gazing into her bonny eyes.

The sun was hastening to his western home, the evening song of the birds trembled on the air, as Maude and Philip stood by the river, the last rays of the sun turning its waves to molten gold. Eloquently he told the old story unto a willing ear. In earnest and passionate entreaty he asked her love; he painted in glowing colors his mother's pride, the awe in which he held her, and besought her consent to a secret marriage, to be revealed in time, when he had prepared the way; but in the meantime, she must be "his own, his darling, his wife."

Trembling, blushing, overpowered by her great love for him, Maude yielded, and not many days after, they were secretly married.

Autumn's golden glory was over Acton, when Philip walked up the path to John Grant's door. Maude answered his knock, surprised to see him, as their meetings were usually at the rendezvous by the river.

"Will you walk with me?" he asked.

Maude wondered at his unusual silence and hurried steps.

Having reached the mossy seat by the river, he drew her to him, and folded her closely in his arms, so he could look into the blue eyes—those bonnie eyes—could feel her warm breath on his cheek. Still he spoke not.

"Oh, Philip, what is it?" she cried. "I can bear anything better than this suspense. Has your mother discovered anything?"

"No, my darling, but I have important letters summoning me to town. I must go to-night, and I cannot tell how long I shall remain."

The color flew from brow, cheek, and lip, she lay like one dead in his arms. With many kisses, with many promises to write, he parted from her, and his last words were, as he kissed the golden curls, the white eyelids, the little mouth: "Only for a short time, little wife, and then, I trust, no more concealment."

Philip Annersley really loved his wife, and it was his intention at some propitious moment to reveal the truth to his mother; but the longer he delayed, the more formidable appeared the task of revelation. Finally, as time faded the memory of Maude's loveliness and winning ways, he began to question the necessity of revealing the marriage at all; and, as he mingled in the fashionable world, he dreaded its comment upon his choice. Maude had never reached his intellectual want. So day by day, he strove to forget the tie that bound him, and persuaded himself that Maude was happier in her humble obscurity than she would be raised to a station to which her attainments were not equal.

Letters at first came often—long, loving letters; then at longer intervals, cold and hurried—a necessary duty, not a loving one.

Time rolled on. Four years had sped. What had they brought to Philip? What to Maude Annersley?

"Do you go to Mrs. Bell's reception this evening?" asked Mary Annersley of her brother, as they rose from the dinner-table.

"I do not know, yet," he replied.

"I think you had better," she rejoined. "It is to be the most brilliant affair of the season. But, above all, Miss Hanmer, Mrs. Bell's niece, the great belle and heiress, is to be there. We were very intimate in Paris. I am dying to introduce you."

"Ah! you pique my curiosity; I shall certainly go, Mary," laughed Philip, and he left the room.

Mrs. Bell's elegant reception-room was filled with "fair women and brave men" when the Annersley party entered. After greeting their hostess, Mary was claimed for the waltz, Mrs. Annersley conversing with a friend. Philip standing alone for a moment, saw his sister make a sign for him to come to her.

As he reached her side, she said, "Maude, allow me to present my brother, Mr. Annersley. Philip, Miss Hanmer."

Philip Annersley bowed low. Never had he beheld a more perfect woman. She was peerlessly beautiful, "faultily faultless."

No flush came to her cheek, but it mounted quick and high to his brow. So met at last husband and wife.

"Maude, my wife, is it you, or am I dreaming?" he whispered.

"I am, indeed, Mrs. Annersley," she replied, with haughty grace—"the deserted wife of Philip Annersley. You will oblige me by forgetting the connection as I have done."

The dance over, another claimed her, and Philip saw how men admired and women envied her. From a secluded seat he watched her, and many wondered that Philip Annersley had for that evening renounced its galeties.

"Who is this Miss Hanmer?" he asked, carelessly of his sister.

"A niece of Mrs. Bell's. Her mother was mamma's most intimate friend in girlhood. After the death of her parent, Maude supported herself by teaching, until the death of a relative, leaving her heiress to an immense fortune."

After that, Philip met her everywhere; unable to resist the fascination of being near her, yet not daring to approach her.

One evening at Mrs. Bell's, as he hastily entered the conservatory, he encountered Maude. A spirit he could not resist came over him; he seized her dress.

"Maude, I cannot bear this; if I have suffered also; do not make my punishment greater than I can bear."

She withdrew her dress haughtily.

"Mr. Annersley forgets himself."

"I will proclaim to the world the connection between us," he exclaimed, maddened by her tone.

"Do so, and I will at once procure a judicial separation for desertion."

He turned from her; he looked like death. His hand, which had touched her in his passion, was icy cold; he groaned aloud.

As he staggered towards the door, she crossed the room, and, placing her hand upon his arm, said, "I will marry you again on one condition."

He turned to her eagerly.

"It shall be a marriage in name only. I will bear your name; before the world I will be your wife. In private we will be as we are now—strangers."

"I consent; it is all that I can do," he added, bitterly, as he left the room.

The brilliant wedding and magnificent establishment was a nine days' wonder in the fashionable world. Then Mrs. Philip Annersley took her place as one of the queens of society. Her husband strove by the most careful and delicate attentions to win her love; her slightest wish was a law to him; but he might as well have lavished his care upon a marble statue.

Another year rolled by. Mrs. Annersley sat in her boudoir, carelessly turning the leaves of a new novel, when a knock came at the door.

"Come in," she said, expecting to see her maid enter; but, for the first time her husband entered the room.

As Maude arose, with a slight look of astonishment, he said, coloring slightly, "I beg your pardon for this unwonted intrusion. It is the last time I hope to trespass upon your kindness. I leave for Italy next week. I have some arrangements to complete before leaving, about which I wish to consult you. I feel now too bitterly the mistake I have made; I love you too truly and passionately to be contented with this mode of life: I cannot bear to see others receiving the smile which I can never hope for, and though I have sinned much, I have suffered much. Henceforth I will not annoy you, but will go forth into the world to do anything that comes to me to do that is noble and good—all that a true man may do, and when I die, even you shall say I have atoned."

As he stood before her revealed in a better manhood—having cast aside the yoke her woman's hand had imposed—she sat pale and unmoved, apparently indifferent.

"I will not see you again," he continued, quietly, and left the room.

As the door closed behind him she threw herself on her knees, convulsed by tearless sobs.

"How can I bear it?—how can I bear it?" she exclaimed, in her agony.

What kind angel sent Philip back for the papers he had left upon the table? He noiselessly opened the door, when, seeing her distress, he was about to retire without disturbing her. An impulse caused her to look up. She sprang to her feet. A new light flashed into Philip's mind, and lighted his face with a glorious hope.

"You love me!" he said.

He held out his arms, and, hiding her face in his breast, Maude wept tears of mingled joy and sorrow for the past, joy for the present and future.

"And the trip to Italy, dearest?" she said, archly, an hour after.

"It shall be our bridal-tour," he answered.

THE REVIEWER.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Messrs. Harper & Bros., of New York, publish a new series of novels under the general title of "Harpers' Library of American Fiction," devoted exclusively to the works of American authors. The volumes are rendered attractive to the eye by a brilliant cover, on which, in a graceful and appropriate design by E. A. Abbey, one of the best of artists, the characteristic products of the North, South, and West are artistically combined. Of this series we have received "Col. Dunwoodie, Millionaire," a story of to-day, illustrating the South as it is at the present epoch; a very spicy and delightful narrative, written in a scholarly and winning way. "Cousin Polly's Gold Mine," a novel by Mrs. A. E. Porter, is a very excellent work of fiction, and is a pure idyl of love from first to last. "Like Unto Like," a novel by Sherwood Bonner, is also a Southern story, and is alike powerful and pathetic. All of the above series, ten in number, are 8vo., paper volumes. "Col. Dunwoodie, Millionaire," and "Like Unto Like" being sold at the price of 75 cents, and "Cousin Polly's Gold Mine" at 40 cents.

The same firm publish in the "Harpers' Half-hour Series," "Behind Blue Glasses," by F. W. Hacklander, translated by Mary A. Robinson, a delightful little German story; crisp, short, and pleasant, and "The Romance of a Back Street," by F. W. Robinson, a neat and very vigorously drawn sketch of character; it is not only well written, but the soul of the poet is in it. The first work is only 20 cents, the second 15.

Messrs. Harper & Bros. also publish "Villages and Village Life, with Hints for Their Improvement," by Nathaniel Hillyer Egleston; this is a perfect vade mecum, a compendium, so to speak, of all the fact and poetry of village life. It is delightful reading. It is full of power and genius. Its 326 pages ought to be twice that number to please its readers. It is printed on fine paper, in clear, open type, and bound in gilt cloth.

Messrs. Harper & Bros. publish and send us among the issues of the "Franklin Square Library," "The Selected Poems of Matthew Arnold," containing in a pamphlet of 32 pages nearly all of the great litterateur's works, at the low price of 10 cents. "Empedocles on Etna" should surely have been inserted with the other poems, but as it is the collection is unique.

In this same cheap form the Messrs. Harper publish "Among Aliens," by Mrs. Frances E. Trollope, a story of fine power, price 15 cents, and "Time Shall Try," by F. E. M. Notley; a very ingenious and well drawn story, which is sure to win readers.

The Messrs. Harpers' publications are all excellent. They can all be procured of Messrs. Porter & Coates, the well known publishers, of this city.

In their "Cobweb Series of Fiction" Messrs. Estes & Lauriat, of Boston, publish "The Little Good-for-Nothing," by Alphonse Daudet, the famous author of "Sidonie" and the "Nabob." It is a first class story. Cloth; black, red and gilt; 354 pages; price $1.50.

MAGAZINES.

We have received the *Sanatarian and Organ of the Medico-Legal Society* for October, a good number and full of useful hints. Published by A. N. Bell, M. D., 47 Lafayette Place, New York. $3 a year; 30 cents a number.

Potter's Monthly for October is brilliant and enterprising. The magazine is well printed and the illustrations good. It contains many good articles and stories, and is altogether one of the Philadelphia monthlies which deserve success. Published by Messrs. John E. Potter & Co., of this city. $3 a year.

The Medical and Surgical Reporter, edited by D. G. Brinton, M. D., reaches us weekly. It is a very thoroughly edited and interesting periodical, and treats of the latest news respecting the profession to which it is addressed. It is pert and lively, and is well suited to the requirements of physicians and surgeons.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

The only way to make a friend is to be one.

Show may be purchased; happiness is home made.

Men mutilate their bodies seldom, their characters often.

For the sake of getting a living, men often forget to live.

Give children little to do; make much of its being well done.

He is an accountant who can cast up correctly the sum of his error.

Wisdom prepares for the worst; folly leaves the worst for the day it comes.

We carry our neighbors' crimes in sight, and throw our own over our shoulders.

Live on what you have; live if you can on less; do not borrow, for vanity will end in shame.

A loving heart and a pleasant countenance are commodities which a man should always carry home.

Avoid tedious circumlocution in language. Words, like cannon balls, should go straight to their mark.

A charitable untruth is perhaps more excusable than an uncharitable truth, but both should be avoided.

There is nothing that so convinces a man that there is truth in religion as to see true religion in Christians.

Love's sweetest meanings are unspoken. The full heart knows no rhetoric of words; it resorts to sighs and glances.

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"As a manual of the best etiquette, it is really of permanent value."—Boston Gazette.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

SATURDAY EVENING, OCT. 19, 1878.

PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENT.

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DEFORMITIES OF SOCIAL LIFE.

The deformities of nature are far outnumbered by those of society. In how many families do we see these miserable curvatures and distortions! Happy are we if they are not by our own fireside and in our own character. Few of these disfigurements wear a more repulsive form than that of tyranny.

The petty tyrants in the home circle are more numerous than those who have waded through seas of blood to their thrones. They are everywhere, in all classes of society, either high or low, rich or poor.

Mr. Governall is a true prototype of this species of deformity. He is a well-read man—at least that is *his* opinion. He has fully settled in his own country and the world in general, yet rarely contemplates his own futurity. He can discuss the last commercial failure. His ideas of the province of the husband in the family are grand, and he regulates his conduct accordingly. He is the great fault-finder of the household. The roasted joint is either half burnt or half raw; the steak is tough as leather, the fish is boiled to rags or perfectly rare, the soup too hot or too cold, in short, if he cannot find a fault he will invent one.

His wife is the scapegoat who must bear the sins of the household, no matter by whom they are perpetrated. Does the housemaid neglect her work, the wife is in fault. Are the children unruly—as all children will be, hers is the sin. If she has purchased needful articles for children or household and shows them to him, he will interrupt her explanations with "Nonsense! There was no need of buying these. Don't tell me there was."

Now this deformity, whether it appears in the husband or in the wife, eventually destroys every spark of the love with which before the holy altar they vowed to honor and cherish each other; rousing instead irritation and indignation. If either have grace to summon to their aid, the blessed influence of silence, when reviled "answering not again" there is still hope. But, alas! this precious gift comes only with years and long experience in self-culture. We can all quote, solemnly, the proverb: "a soft answer turneth away wrath," but few of us exemplify it in our own practice, until our hearts are sore with wounds gained in the battle of life.

The trouble is that the effect of these social deformities does not stop with merely destroying love and confidence between husband and wife, the children walk step by step, year by year, in the track their parents have made for them. Therefore, beware of them.

SUICIDE seems to be hereditary. Because his father had made way with himself in some unaccountable way it behooved his son, a certain young Italian singer of high reputation, to follow his example. He was a delegate to the Italian Medical Congress, sitting at Pisa. He had worked hard as one of the organizing committee, and was the responsible superintendant of the exhibition of medico-chirgical instruments. He had just been worsted in animated discussion in one of the sections, after which he leaped into a cab, purchased a revolver, and made way with himself.

IF we spend our days monotonously, we must drain our faces of even what we bring from our anterior life, and how soon most of us lose the traces of that life which in childhood gives such a magic and innocent depth to the eye, which remains sometimes in boyhood and youth—a wide-eyed, bewildered expression as if to say the soul does not yet understand the enormous pressure of prosaic and deadening circumstances accumulated by the machinery of social life.

THERE is so much fuss about the sea serpent, which is supposed to be a mythical monster of the deep, that the smaller fry of fishes and curiosities which old ocean contains are apt to be overlooked. Surely no imaginary serpent of the seas could be more terrible in shape or in power than the shark, the octopus, and the ray. There are so many grim realities in the "deep bosom of the ocean buried," that fiction and romance can create no more dismal creatures.

THE venerable "SATURDAY EVENING POST," offers the finest inducements of any literary paper for the forthcoming season. Remember it contains only the best of stories long and short, a variety of departments, one especially designed for the lady readers, and a series of spicy gossip, news and humor, which make it the best paper of its kind in America.

THE Chinese Minister to England made a bold departure from Oriental custom by allowing his wife to be present and do the honors as hostess at a recent entertainment he gave in London. The higher class of Chinese, like other Orientals, keep their woman strictly secluded from the vulgar gaze.

THE writings of Edgar A. Poe are gradually coming into popular favor, and the genius of the author understood. He was an unfortunate man in his choice of theme and his treatment of it, that is so far as popular fancy goes. But he was a pre-eminent genius in his own field, and will be considered as such in the near future.

ALL the approved styles of the season are fitly shown in "Fashion Chat," and the gifted editor of this department will issue shortly a series of the most entertaining articles upon costume, which will be found most acceptable reading.

THOMAS MORAN'S masterpieces are the "Yellowstone Valley" and "The White Mountains." The "POST" has secured superb reproductions.

SANCTUM CHAT.

THE eminent billiard player, Cyrille Dion, is dead. He was a Canadian by birth, and was 35 years of age at his decease. His method of playing was very ingenious.

—

A BELGIAN physician appointed by his government to investigate the causes of color blindness in that country, has reported that it is due to the too general and excessive use of tobacco.

—

GOUNOD'S new opera, "Polyeucte," is pronounced heavy and colorless. The composer of "Faust" has never excelled that superb opera, and his genius ought to lead him now into the realms of sacred music, of which he is king.

—

THE importance of knowing how to swim is exemplified by the fact that all the members of the Thorpe family, who were on board the Princess Alice which was sunk in the Thames, were saved, because the girls, as well as the boys, were able to swim.

—

A LOCOMOTIVE engineer has introduced a new feature by placing looking glasses outside on the engine, at an angle from the cab. These enable him to see the rear part of the train at all times without putting his head out to watch the conductor's signals when making-up trains.

—

THE statistics respecting our surplus wheat ought to console everybody, who in these times of lifting clouds, apprehends famine. Four hundred million bushels is the estimate this year. Much of this will be exported, but there will be plenty left for bread.

—

IT seems impossible to impress upon the Oriental mind the dogmas of Christianity. In China Christian schools and churches in the province of Fukien were lately burned by the native fanatics. China is decidedly opposed to civilization and Christianity. The difference between the Chinese and Japanese natives is most marked. The Chinese oppose railroads and Bibles, the Japanese accept both.

—

THE demand for American oysters in Europe is increasing. England craves them as well as France, and there is a prospect that in the near future good oysters from our shores will find their way as readily into the markets of France, Spain, and England, as if they were native grown. But it remains for the American geniuses to instruct the world in the many ways of cooking these delicious mollusks.

—

IT is rumored that Thomas Carlyle has a desk in his garden, and that to an intruder upon his privacy he said in his usual sullen manner: "Go your way and may all prosperity attend you." Now this is exactly in the humor of that over-rated, anti-American, blatant utterer of ponderous platitudes, who wrote the clap-trap, which has pleased his admirers, called "Sartor Resartus" and like monstrosities.

—

THERE are 48 theatres in Paris. Besides these there are 72 cafes-concerts, or variety theatres. There are 210 musical societies. We have said nothing about the hippodromes, circuses, race courses, balls, and skating rinks, or miscellaneous establishments, which, added to the theatres and concerts, gives an *ensemble* of distraction unequalled by any capital in the world. New York, however, is fast rivaling Paris in the number and variety of its theatres.

—

THE tendency of the age to make scientific research into everything sacred even into the "holy of holies," of the thought and conscience, is not one which will offer any chance for the future. Thought and emotion, are now considered as of no value and the "dreamers and music-makers" must go to the wall. It is the darkness before the dawn, for after this criticism passes into the metaphysics of art, there will be a decided reaction in its favor, and our country will become an art nation.

—

A NEW form of disease of a very terrible character has manifested itself in Italy. It is called "pellagra," and is said to be owing to the low form of diet of the patients. The Italians who are poor seldom eat meat or touch alcohol, but make a miserable meal from Indian corn, called "polenta," a dish something like mush. It is said that this "pellegra" results from the want of nourishment to the brain, for the patient generally grows insane, and if this is so, there will be a scientific riddle for physicians and scientists to expound, for Indian meal has been generally supposed to contain a great deal of phosphorus and other brain nourishment.

—

MR. ALEXANDER JACOB, better known by his pen name of "Erdan," the Italian correspondent of the Paris *Temps*—died at Frascati, near Rome, September 25, aged 52 years. In 1854 he made known to the French public, in a small volume of letters, the singular philosophical system of "Messianism" proposed by the Polish mystic Hoene Wronski, who had just died, and the following year published "Mystic France; or, a Tableau of the Religious Eccentricities of the Age." It was in 1865 that his celebrated novel "Maudit" created such an uproar throughout all Europe. It was published under the title of the "Abbe***," and purported to contain authentic revelations of the abuses of the Catholic confessional. It was followed by a whole series of other novels of the same character—"Le Jesuite," "La Religeuse," "Le Moine," and "Le Confesseur"—forming altogether twenty-six volumes of anti Catholic fiction which still have a considerable sale.

GHOST STORIES UNVEILED.

In former times ghost stories constituted much of the fireside talk; the weird tale was told of how a spectre clothed in appropriate white was seen to appear, and in due course to vanish; and the hearers, duly impressed with the apparent truth of a tale for which no natural reason was vouchsafed, became themselves in a measure forced to believe. Science and common sense are, however, now robbing these absurd stories of much of their glamour, by explaining in a simple and straightforward way what has by many hitherto been held to be supernatural and therefore unaccountable. With these remarks we propose to offer a few explained ghost stories.

One writer of considerable experience says: I have myself been often sorely puzzled to account for what I have seen. Upon one occasion I was passing by a cemetery on my way to a distant part of my parish. The night was dark and foggy; and as I walked along the road close to the iron fence, I perceived within the enclosure, apparently but a few yards off, a body of dim light that appeared to come up from the ground. Now my impressions were all in favor of ghosts, and if my judgment also had been equally in favor, I should have had a ghost story to tell about that place. But I was determined to seek an explanation of the phenomenon, and so I went up to the railings and looked hard at the light, but could make nothing of it. At the same time I became conscious of a dull sound proceeding from the ground where it stood. I could not understand it, and there I stood peering in, until suddenly my ears gave me the clue to the mystery, for I fancied I detected the thud of a mattock. And such it was. The sexton was working against time to dig for a large vault, and the mysterious light was nothing more or less than that of his lantern, some feet below the surface, which threw up into the foggy atmosphere a volume of strange misty brightness. But really it made a very creditable ghost.

Another adventure I had was more laughable, but not less perplexing at the time. The night was very dark indeed, and as I took a sudden turn in the road I saw a feebly illuminated figure moving slowly some distance in advance, and in the same direction with myself. My first impression was that some one was going to try to frighten me; and so I grasped my stick, intending, as the boys say, to "whack into" the culprit. But as I drew nearer, the figure stopped, and in a moment or two the illumination became somewhat brighter. I got close up to it, prepared to strike, but for the life of me could not tell what it was. I passed it close, and, looking around at it, saw it was an old woman going home from a day's washing. She had on, poor soul! a very attenuated cloak, through which the light of the lantern she was carrying feebly penetrated, and when she stopped to snuff the candle with her fingers, the light of course burned brighter. She was very deaf, and had not heard my footsteps, so that when I spoke I frightened her, I fear, very much more than she had frightened me.

A gentleman living in a country house that I had once inhabited, wrote to ask me if during my residence there I had heard reports of its being haunted. He did not believe in such things, he said, but he always liked, on hearing of anything of the kind, to investigate it as far as possible. It was a very sensible thing to do, and I was able to give him a satisfactory explanation. It was news to me that the house had this evil reputation, but when I heard of it, it immediately came to my mind how it was to be accounted for. It so happened that a certain mischievous female member of my family had, towards the latter part of my stay in that house, been guilty of the cruelty of terrifying the servants almost out of their wits. She appeared one night in their room covered over with a sheet, which was raised high over her head by means of a stick, to the end of which was fastened a bull's eye lantern—a ghost of commanding stature and terrific gaze.

Little things are apt to be magnified, and the simplest things become mysterious, in the stillness and darkness of the night. One night I was aroused by my sister coming into my room to tell me that some one was trying to break into the house by the front door. I looked out of the window, but saw no one, though a low jarring noise could be heard. The statutory procession was formed. First came I, bolding a poker warily, and looking anxiously for a human head; then came a servant who had first given the alarm, lifting a candle to aid us in the search, and last of all came my sister, bold as a lion, though as pale as death. As we slowly descended thus in battle array, I could distinctly hear the fitful jarring sound from the region of the street door; but I declare I could not in the least make out the cause of it until I had got quite up to the door, and then the mystery was solved. One of the family had come home late, fastened the door as he thought, put up the chain, and gone to bed. But the door had not been fastened; the bolts, though shot, had not been sent home, and so the door kept swinging in the gentle night breeze as far as the chain would let it. Had the house been reputed to be haunted, it would have suggested a ghost—just as anything strange will suggest one when the mind is suitably impressed with the idea of the thing.

A relative of mine used to relate how frightened he had been when a boy in coming down the stairs of an old tower of ghostly fame, at the top of which he and others of his age had been amusing themselves until the shades of evening surprised them. It was his fate to bring up the rear, and he felt no doubt his exposure in consequence to the enemy in black, and sure enough he heard a hollow step behind him, keeping time with him exactly, when he hurried, that hurried; when he paused at some difficulty in the descent, that also paused; but when at last he emerged from the darkness with a final rush, no ghost came out after him. But he recollected that he had got a bag of gingerbread nuts in the hinder pocket of his long great coat, and the flapping of that on the stairs was the mysterious sound that had so alarmed him.

It may be said that instances like these, in which what seemed mysterious and ghostly was perfectly accounted for by natural reasons, can never, how many soever they are, disprove the reality of far more remarkable appearances which are vouched for on the most respectable authority, and which have never been accounted for on any theory apparently explainable. Still, their reality as mysteries depends upon the credibility of the testimony in their favor, and a complete knowledge of all the circumstances. All I maintain is that the frequent, and in my own experience the invariable explanation of things of this sort (that at first looked unaccountable) by natural causes, sets us in the right direction for inquiry, and affords presumptive evidence that all such things might, if we only knew all the facts, be similarly explained.

What condition the witnesses were in who saw the following "well accredited" feat of a ghost, I will not venture to determine. The story is related by an enthusiastic believer in and even admirer of ghosts of every sort and kind, and the ghost and witnesses are all phlegmatic Germans. "One night as Kezer lay in his bed, and the servant was near the glass door in conversation with him, to his utter amazement he saw a jug of beer which stood on a table in a room at some little distance from him, slowly lifted to the height of about three feet, and the contents poured into a glass that was standing there also, until the latter was half full. The jug was then gently replaced, and the glass lifted and emptied, as by some one drinking—while the servant exclaimed in terrified surprise, 'Look, it swallows!' The glass was quietly replaced, and not a drop of beer was to be found on the floor."

No doubt there was not; but what, we repeat, must have been the condition of these witnesses?

The inference I draw from a survey of the whole ghost subject is that the true explanation of all ghost stories, however marvellous, is to be found in natural causes, in a knowledge of all the facts and circumstances of each particular case. These explanations will sometimes, as in the instances I have given, lie on the surface; sometimes they will lie more deeply within the mysteries of our nature and surroundings, and have to be studied and searched out, and sometimes they may be so deep down as to be quite beyond the reach of either our powers or our opportunities of investigation, though still doubtless perfectly natural. But when we consider how credulous human nature is in regard to mysteries that have no higher authority than that of men, and that are only morbid and unwholesome in their tendencies; and when we moreover take into the account how almost unlimited are the resources in nature for the explanation of what at first seemed supernatural, it appears to me to be decidedly better, safer, manlier, more rational, and at the same time more respectful toward what is truly supernatural, to relegate all ghost stories, without exception or hesitation, to the domain of wonders of purely earthly origin.

The House of Commons.

As the model upon which our own Congress was formed, some idea of the lower house of the English Parliament and the peculiar duties of its presiding officer will certainly prove interesting.

The position of the Speaker of the English House of Commons is most remarkable. In no other assembly is the president's or the chairman's decision so implicitly obeyed, his fiat so indisputable. Whatever may have been his party ties or predilections before his elevation to that lofty post, an English member of Parliament ceases to belong to any party when he becomes Speaker; it is his pride to ignore party altogether, and as far as practicable to treat the six hundred and fifty gentlemen who are under his rule as if they also were free from party organization.

The election of a Speaker is one of the ceremonies consequent upon a general election and the assembling of a new Parliament. The Clerk of the Crown hands to the Clerk of the Commons an alphabetical list of the members elected to serve, prepared from the returns received by the former official from the returning officers of the several constituencies. A member addresses the Clerk of the House (who is seated), and proposes some other members as fit and proper person to fill this important and responsible office, moving that he "do take the chair of this house as Speaker." If, as is the usual rule, no opposing candidate appears, the choice is at once concluded. The chosen candidate, standing in front of the chair, thanks the House for its gracious choice, and takes his seat. The newly elected Speaker is congratulated by some leading member or members, and the House adjourns. On the following day the House meets again, and awaits a summons from the Usher of the Black Rod to attend the Lord Chancellor in the House of Lords. The Speaker announces that the Commons have elected him, and expresses a hope that their choice will meet with the Queen's approbation. The Lord Chancellor declares that such is happily the case, that her Majesty fully approves the excellent choice which her faithful Commons have made. The Speaker then claims for the House of Commons all the ancient rights and liberties pertaining to the legislative assembly of the people. This claim is at once assented to, and so the ceremonious interview ends.

Although an obstinate member may occasionally worry the House, the proceedings in the Commons are upon the whole conducted with a high degree of order and decorum. One rule of debate is that every member shall address himself to the Speaker personally. This is found conducive to courtesy and good temper, as it necessitates the use of the third person instead of the second in making allusions or bringing accusations often very bitter and irritating. A member must not read his speech, but may refresh his memory by referring to notes; extracts from documents may be read, provided his own remarks or observations are not read from a written paper. At the same time, the House indulgently consents, if appealed to, to permit a short written speech on the plea of indisposition. In most continental legislative chambers the delivery of written speeches, carefully prepared beforehand, is customary.

Etiquette permits of members wearing their hats, if they so choose; but when a member rises to address the House he must stand uncovered, except by permission asked and obtained in case of illness or bodily infirmity. In some proceedings, however, the members usually speak sitting and covered.

A very important matter it is sometimes, in the estimation of members, when two or more of them rise to address the House at the same time. The rule is for the Speaker to say which of them "caught his eye" first. This decision is generally accepted, but is not always a true test, because he cannot see all the members at once, and may not really know which rose first. If there be a general impression in the house to that effect, and a general naming of the member who is believed to have risen first, the Speaker waives his decision. Sometimes as many as twenty members have risen at once, when an exciting debate is going on; in all such cases it is found advantageous to adhere as closely as possible to the Speaker's decision. Fierce is the battle sometimes, when two members of opposite parties, both eminent, and both willingly listened to by the House, rise simultaneously; each is encouraged by his party not to give way, a contest of cries and shouts ensues, the result of which is a regular motion that the honorable member for so and so be now heard. In such a case the House decides the matter by vote, in order to prevent interminable prolixity, no member is allowed to speak more than once on the same question.

The Speaker has often to warn those over whom he presides not to speak against any rule of the House, nor allude directly to debates in the House of Lords, nor use the Queen's name in a way to influence the debate or in an irreverent manner, nor speak offensive words concerning either house or any member individually in the Commons. "Taking a division" is not the least remarkable of the duties that devolve upon him. When the debate on any particular question is ended, the Speaker puts the question in the following manner: Taking in his hand a copy of the question, he rises and reads, beginning with the words, "The question is that," etc., and ending with the words, "As many as are of that opinion say Aye, and as many as are of the contrary opinion say No." Endeavoring to judge by the sound which are the more numerous of the two, he does not express himself positively, but says, I think the Ayes have it, or the Noes, as the case may be. If the House adopt his opinion the matter is settled, but if the Speaker's decision is disputed by any member, a division or vote is ordered.

The mode of taking a division is as follows: No member is permitted to vote in the division unless he was present when the question was put. To be in either of the two lobbies is not to be in the House. The officers of the House clear the lobbies of all members; any members may retire to rooms beyond the lobbies if they wish neither to quit the building nor to vote. The next step is to issue an order for strangers to withdraw. The rule is less stringent now than it was a half century ago, as it will now suffice if strangers withdraw from the front gallery. The Clerk turns a two minute sandglass, and while the sand is running out the doorkeepers ring bells which communicate with every part of the house where members may happen to be at the moment; the division bell, as it is called, is heard in the library, refreshment rooms, waiting rooms, etc., and members who wish to take part in the division hasten into the House before the two minute glass has ceased running.

The division proper is a curiously managed ceremony—very roundabout in the estimation of many persons. After the Speaker has cried, "Order! order!" the sergeant at arms, with his doorkeepers and messengers, close and lock all the doors leading into the lobbies, corridors, passages, etc. No member outside can enter, nor can any within make their exit; the number within the chamber is thus strictly definite, and all must vote. Until 1836 it was the custom for one party or section to go into a lobby, and the other remained in the chamber; but since that year the Ayes have been directed to pass into the lobby at the Speaker's right hand, while the Noes walk into the lobby at his left. The Speaker names members to act as tellers, selecting impartially from among the supporters and opponents of the motion two of each. They place themselves at the lobby doors, two and two, to check each other's counting. Two clerks are also placed at each door, holding alphabetical lists of all the members of the House, printed on large sheets of stiff cardboard. As the members return into the House from the lobbies, the clerks mark off the names, and at the same time the tellers count the total number without noting names. A member disabled from moving is counted in his seat. When all have re-entered from the lobbies, the four tellers approach the table; one of them, belonging to the majority on this particular question, announces the number; and when the Speaker has sanctioned this announcement, the important but slowly managed ceremony ends. A member sometimes goes into the wrong lobby through inadvertence; there is then no help for him—his vote is recorded according to the lobby in which he finds himself.

The position of the Speaker is certainly one of great honor, but also of great irksomeness. The long sittings to which he is doomed must often be very distressing, and in a greater degree must be preservation of temper when the House is tormented with something like a systematic obstruction of business. As an acknowledgment by the Crown of his great services, the Speaker, on finally retiring from office, is raised to the peerage and consequently to a seat in the House of Lords.

Doctors in England.

It is a well known fact that physicians in England cannot recover an unpaid fee; not only have they no standing in court to sue, but they are yet more forcibly restrained by the unwritten law, centuries old, of delicate professional etiquette. Surgeons are not equally bound, but the most eminent among them tacitly acknowledge, and are governed by, the same rules. Therefore it is that doctors are "done" on all sides, imposed upon right and left, and most frequently, it is to be feared, unpalatable though the statement may be, by distinguished members of the upper ten. Aristocratic invalids, as a rule, claim to have the best medical advice that money can procure; but they very much prefer to obtain it gratuitously. They are often far from punctilious and prompt in the settlement of lawful charges; in plain English, they shirk and ignore their obligations to an extent injurious alike to their victims and discreditable to themselves. This is no idle accusation, but one in support of which innumerable cases can be adduced. There are great houses in the West End, castles and halls and countryseats scattered up and down the land, wherein it is notorious no single sixpence was ever paid as a doctor's fee, although the best men are habitually called in. The greatest lights in the profession have traveled hundreds of miles to attend an urgent case; have been days and days when every hour in London was worth a pile of gold, and at the end have received only a bland smile or calm repudiation in return for their pains. It is told, and on undeniable authority, that one night, at the dinner of an exclusive medical club, a summons came to the house of a parsimonious peer, who was well known never to have paid a guinea in his life. The message went around the table with a laugh, but no one of all the eminent doctors present was ignorant of the reputation of the sender, and all refused to answer the call. At last one boldly said he would go, and laid a dozen of champagne he would bring back his money. He went, and he won the bet, but only because he had plainly told his lordship what had occurred, and thus the fear of shame was more effective than any sense of honesty or fair dealing.

What shall be said of the thrifty young nobleman who tramped afoot from his house in the square to that of the doctor around the corner, and there mingled with the poor patients in order to obtain advice gratis; or of my lady, who was seen to descend from her brougham at the corner of a street, and enter a hospital disguised as a servant girl? Again, there are a thousand and one authentic stories from the consulting rooms—of the cough lozenges carefully wrapped up in white paper, or the farthings, or shilling pieces, or smooth buttons, which patrician dames have been known to leave, with many expressions of heartfelt thankfulness, in the hands of their benefactors; of the repeated and generally successful attempts to substitute a sovereign for a guinea, although the missing shilling represents five per cent. loss, and if it can be urged that one coin has now replaced the other, no sane person will argue that the new is worth much more than half what the old was. Amusing, were they not discreditable, would be the shifts and devices to which grandees will descend in order to secure the advice for which they are disinclined to pay. There is the trick of voluminous correspondence. A doctor, at the close of an interview, bows his patient out, and expressly inquires whether he or she fully understands his instructions, or whether there is any other question to be asked. Yet the next post will probably bring half a dozen sheets filled with ill digested rambling statements, and the doctor's time is wasted, without the prospect of remuneration, in replying whether a prescription should be taken in tea or treacle, or repeating minutely in writing what he has already explained in the fullest detail. There is the delightful notion that a doctor's visit to one member of a household can be expanded into treatment for half a dozen individuals under the same roof; in other words, that he has been retained at the salary of a single guinea as house surgeon or physician in ordinary to the whole establishment. There are the surreptitious advances to wheedle an opinion from a doctor unawares; in the hunting field, at a dinner table, or elsewhere, in private life—a practice akin to asking an academician to do your portrait on a dinner napkin, or a judge to try your cause over the claret. There are yet again the cheap hospitalities munificently offered—a day's shooting, the visit from Saturday to Monday, and when it is declined, as it was by the outspoken physician who bluntly declared that he preferred to spend his Sundays with his wife and children, the invitation extended also to them. Still more characteristic was the condescending kindness of the exalted people who offered themselves as guests at a doctor's country house, proposing to bring with them an invalid relative to be cured free of cost.

THE BRAVEST KNIGHT.

BY F. HENRY DOYLE.

Oh, never did all the wide, wide world,
That's lit by the sun's bright ray,
See a nobler throng or a fairer sight
Than its light beholds to-day.

Far up, the gray walled tower stands
And frowns on the verdant plain,
And a braver name than its master bears
Is not in the realm of Spain.

And yet his heart grows sad at times
With grief for the boy who died—
The gifted son that he fondly saw
The heir to his fame and pride.

Albeit his life is not all gloom,
For Inez, his daughter fair,
A beauteous bud in youth's best bloom,
Brings joy and sunshine there.

But why this crowd of steel clad knights
And lances with peanons gay—
Bright shields and lists for mimic war,
And steeds in long array?

These noble men of highborn mien,
And women with smiling eyes?
The sound of lute and mandolin,
And trumpet that rends the skies?

The youth of Spain will joust to-day,
For such the Count's command,
And he that's bravest in the fight
Shall have his daughter's hand.

The herald calls the knights to arms,
And as each passes by
The maid, with helmet doffed he vows
To win her or to die.

Come forth the lords of brave Leon,
The knights of old Castile;
And lances, shields and corslets clash,
And men and horses reel.

They fight from dawn till dewy eve—
Till Roland stands alone,
The victor, for none try his skill,
Though thrice the blast is blown.

Yet, ere he clasps the maid's fair hand—
The meed his valor won—
Out from the ring that rounds the Count
Bursts forth his brother's son.

Scarce more than boy, and yet he dares—
Is't madness, wine, or pride?—
He dares to kiss the maiden's lips,
There by her father's side!

Out flash a hundred trusty swords,
And five score ready hands
Need but the word to smite to death
The ruffian where he stands.

Then, trembling, at the maiden's feet
He kneels as one afraid,
And gently on his golden hair
The old man's palm is laid.

"Put up your swords. Strike not!" he said:
"My word goes with the right.
Well have ye fought, and yet this boy
Is proved the bravest knight!

"Ye so have wrought with truest steel
'Twas honor e'en to yield;
But he faced death with Love alone
His weapon and his shield."

Then shouted Roland and the rest,
And cried 'twas God's own part
Thus to bestow the maid on him
Who long had had her heart.

SYLVIA;

—OR—

The Fernley Pride.

CHAPTER VIII.

Wild, exaggerated ideas of freeing my husband Denis from his painful bondage crossed my mind when, feverish and restless, early morning—the morning after the incident of the miniature—found me loitering again by the side of the stream the quiet flow of which haunted me. How smoothly it ran—how limpid and warm beneath the bright blessing of the sun! I followed its course to where cool shadows of large trees darkened the water, and brought into vivid contrast the bright yellow-green of the leaves against the sunshine, and glimpses of bluish light between trunks of trees in distant groups.

What if I sought out my mother, and gave up my life to cherish and preserve that poor wanderer? The time was not ripe for such thoughts, and the attempt to realise the entire separation from Denis which such a course must entail smote me with acute pain. I threw myself passionately upon the dewy grass, and wept convulsively.

I know not how long I lay there, but a bird was singing on a bough overhead, and some low, long, regular sound was getting clearer, when I raised my dejected head from the sweet daisy-sprinkled grass, and pushed the ruffled hair from my eyes. The sound I heard was the regular plash of oars, and fast down the stream towards me rowed a young man in a gray summer suit. As he turned quickly to make sure of heading the boat into the bank, our eyes met, and I had only time to scramble to my feet before he had sprung ashore, and was approaching me hat in hand.

Confused and angry, I was yet quite conscious that my white muslin wrapper was stained with dew and moss, my hair loose and strangely sprinkled with grass-seeds, my face wet and discolored with crying. It was disagreeable to be confronted thus by a very handsome man, bright-looking as the day, and neatly dressed. He seemed astonished at the alacrity with which I sprang up and faced him.

"A fine morning," he observed courteously, though I am quite sure that was not what he had intended to say when he jumped on to the bank in such a hurry. "I found the boat in the old boat-house—which I remember as a boy, when I used formerly to visit my cousin Mr. Fernley—and could not resist a spin up the stream on this charming morning."

Denis's cousin! I knew then who the intruder must be.

"Lord Towerscourt, I suppose?" I said, stiffly returning his bow. How quickly his color came and went in the one glance that I darted at him! I picked up my hat and squeezed it low over my disfigured face. "Mr. Fernley has been expecting you; he will be down by this time. We breakfast at nine, and it must be that now."

He did not contradict me, but the great turret-clock was not so polite, at that moment it struck six distinctly in the clear morning air, and at the sight of my dismay Lord Towerscourt laughed frankly and aloud.

"I hope you are not hungry," he said merrily, but without impertinence: and I could not help smiling a little too.

"How I have mistaken the time! But, if you know what it is to have a sad headache which renders sleep impossible, you may understand my finding time a fearful laggard. But you are early too."

"I am so always—and certainly I shall not break my rule while staying at Beechwood, if it brings me into such company."

"Do you know your company?" I said coolly. He smiled at my directness.

"Shall I guess you to be one of Mrs. Fernley's hundred and one bosom-friends?"

"No; I am Mrs. Fernley herself."

"Now you are joking surely?" He looked quite confounded, the sun lighting up his motionless figure and fine-featured face. "You are my cousin's wife!" Again my face and raiment underwent a rapid scrutiny.

"Certainly!" I said quietly, and began to walk towards the house. "I have heard my husband speak of you. Now that my early walk has rid me of my headache, I will go in. And you, Lord Towerscourt—what will you do?"

"Pull about and visit old haunts, especially the cedar-bed where I caught my first eel."

"*Au revoir* then; you know our breakfast-hour. I shall tell Mr. Fernley that you are here;" and he bowed and went back to the boat, and I took my limp and tumbled drapery in-doors.

I was descending the oak staircase at a little past nine, when such a volume of audacious melody suddenly assailed me that I stopped as if petrified. It came from the oak drawing-room, whence issued a bacchanal strain sung with a *verve* and *abandon* seldom heard from an English throat, and accompanied on the piano by a player as proficient and audacious as the singer. I do not know when before the decorous room had echoed to such profane sounds, but they quickened my pulses and roused my curiosity, so that I went in search of the singer, and found, as I expected, that it was Lord Towerscourt who was making the rafters ring and the piano resound as he sat before the instrument, bathed in the sunshine streaming through the great eastern window.

He smiled, bowed as he sat, and his eyes lit up with fun as he saw me; but my entrance did not in the least subdue the tumult, and the eccentric young gentleman continued his violent exercise till Denis appeared, and was greeted with an uproarious burst of laughter as stentorian as the singing, and his hand seized and violently shaken.

"Just the same as ever, Eustace! What a boy you are!" said Mr. Fernley, after returning his warm greeting with almost fraternal kindness. "You never did have any regard for *convenances*. What must my wife think of such a Gothic mode of introduction?"

"Mrs. Fernley calls it a stunning one, of course; but this display was intended only to draw you from your lair, you old bookworm! Mrs. Fernley"—approaching me as if we were quite old friends—"I have been everywhere, and wept over every dear beloved spot consecrated by feats of juvenile prowess or defeats, and I have the satisfaction of telling you that I am awfully glad it is nine o'clock. As for my late vociferation, I was only like a lion roaring after his prey."

"A very thirsty lion, judging from what I heard of your German drinking-song," said Denis—and I was surprised to see the animation of his manner.

"To be sure," our guest answered lightly. "I detest half measures in anything, from living to drinking. There is that delightful bell again which wooed me here. Will you accept the lion's paw, Mrs. Fernley? I assure you I only attack my food."

Talking nonsense, laughing heartily, in boyishly high spirits Lord Towerscourt made a new meal of our usually silent breakfast; and Denis reciprocated his revived memories, smiled at his jokes, and looked at him with the amused indulgence of a partial elder brother. It was gratifying to see him pleased at anything; and during breakfast I tried to get rid of a tiresome fancy that, in spite of his scrupulous attention, there was a fresh constraint in Denis's manner towards me.

"Yes," said Lord Towerscourt, continuing a conversation in which he had been urging us to break off our wanderings for good and live on the estate quietly—"I cannot imagine a prettier place than Beechwood. No doubt early association has much to do with it, but this morning at least it looked to me like fairyland. Ah, by the way, that reminds me of another likeness it has to fairyland, or Tom Tiddler's ground—I am rather hazy about the two, but I mean the place where one picks up gold and silver gratis. See what some careless fair one with golden locks left for me on the grass near the stream." He passed across the table an exquisitely-worked Venetian bracelet; it had a tiny ring of golden hair under a glass on the inside.

"I am not the careless lady," I said, looking at it.

"No? Then the hair misled me; I thought it just the color of yours."

"Why should I wear my own hair?" I asked wonderingly; and again our visitor flushed in his boyishly sensitive way, as if he had made a blunder.

In the instant that I perceived the error he had fallen into in thinking the hair might be that of a child of ours another piece of knowledge came to me. I divined that that very hair had been cut from my head in infancy, and that the bracelet had been dropped by my mother on the night before. My eyes dilated with fear. I glanced at my husband—he was apparently occupied with a letter; and then almost unconsciously I made a quick gesture for silence to our guest.

"What is that?" Denis asked abruptly, as I silently slipped the bracelet into my pocket.

"Only a bracelet Mrs. Fernley dropped which I was fortunate enough to find this morning," explained his cousin readily.

"Mrs. Fernley is remarkable for dropping her property about," said my husband slowly, looking at me in a way I could not understand. "You leave your traces wherever you go, Sylvia."

A sort of angry contempt was on his face. Breakfast was over; our guest got up, strolled to the window, and stepped outside on the balcony. I approached Denis and stood by him.

"What do you mean?" I asked breathlessly.

"Only that I discovered this morning that you visited my study last night unobserved by me. Do you deny it?"

"I have no cause to be ashamed of owning it," I said, though the blood leaped to my face.

"Indeed! Every day opens my eyes a little more then. Your mad senseless jealousy will avail you nothing. Though I find this morning that you have destroyed the only painted likeness I possessed of Mary Neville, I have her image still where you can never reach it."

"I destroy Mary Neville's likeness!"

"Do not deny it. I should despise you if you stooped to falsehood," Denis said, recoiling from me, though speaking still in the same low tone that we both maintained. "When you left my room to let Moore speak to me, you had your handkerchief in your hand—I gave it to you myself at the door. I found it this morning lying close to my chair, and under it, smashed to pieces, was the locket I had left by accident on my desk. No wonder, with such a purpose in your mind, that I found your door locked last night."

"Denis," I said quietly, "do you really believe that I have stooped to destroy that miniature?"

"Do you deny visiting my room unknown to me?"

"No," I replied hurriedly, excited by his determination to believe me vindictively jealous. "I went to your room and saw you weeping over the miniature which with many pretty speeches you had given into my care. Believe that I wantonly destroyed it if you like, but also believe that you do not regret Mary Neville's death more than I do."

He left the room, and I joined our visitor on the balcony. I was too disturbed to be prudent.

"Lord Towerscourt," I said, going up to him and in my energy laying my hand upon his sleeve, "I am obliged to ask you to say no more about the bracelet before Mr. Fernley. He disapproves of my receiving the visits of the lady who dropped it."

He looked intensely surprised.

"Then I am sure she will not pay many more," he said, coloring, but smiling down on me frankly. "Denis is a good fellow, though he is crotchety."

My lips quivered. Had I humbled myself by seeming to complain of Denis, and was this apologetic young gentleman trying to set things right? I felt reckless and lonely as I looked out on the lovely landscape.

"Here is another of Denis's relatives coming to rally round him," I observed, with a low bitter laugh; "it is Lady Fernley."

Denis must have seen her too, for he hastened from the house. They had not met for two years, though he was a man for whom family claims had a special charm. I watched the meeting from the balcony. She had dismissed her carriage, and was approaching the house on foot to enhance their pleasure by surprise. The handsome dignified face was flushed and moved. When she caught sight of him, she ran a short distance and uttered a little low cry, and they were quickly locked in each other's arms; the next instant she drew back a little, put her hands upon his shoulders, and looked up into his face.

I saw that look, and him bending to meet it; then he lifted her hands to his lips, took her in his arms, and fondly kissed her beautiful old face and gray hair. Sacred love, happy, safe affection, never, never to come near me, and I his wife! A dry tearless sob shook me as I turned away and found that, just as earnestly as I had watched my husband and his mother, Lord Towerscourt had observed me.

"He will be happy now," I said, forcing a smile as I met his look.

"He is the most enviable man I know," he returned eagerly; then he stopped, pressed my hand as a brother might have done, and said with great kindness, "And you will be happy too, I hope. I remember you have no very near relatives of your own; you must let my aunt be good to you."

"Do I seem in want of some one to be good to me?" I asked rather haughtily.

"I think so," was the sententious reply—and the young man's light-blue eyes had lost their usual mirthfulness as he looked back at me steadily. "Think what you like of me for daring to meddle," he said presently with great earnestness, "but do confide your evident trouble to Denis. It is very likely you know his character even better than I; but I do know this—he is a noble fellow, though most implacable. For your sake do not let him discover that you deceive him. Once offended, he never forgives."

"Stop!" I cried, burning with anguish. He was leaving me, and he hesitated. "What I conceal from my husband is not the cause of my trouble. I owe it to him and myself to tell you that he knows what my trouble is."

An instinctive desire to shield us both from misconception impelled me to say this. At that moment the door was opened.

"My mother is asking for you Sylvia."

I turned with a start, and welcomed her; and the next minute the house was full of confusion arising from installing our visitor, and imparting and receiving news. I gave Lady Fernley my best greeting, but I did not forget for days afterwards that when I embraced her her first movement was to push me away, and her first glance through all the happy tears of reunion was one of sharp suspicion.

CHAPTER XII.

August was past, September half over, and Denis seemed as completely settled at Beechwood as if he had never left it and were never again to do so. Lady Fernley was still with us—her husband was happy in his own way at Truscott Hall—and I was quite content that she should remain, though I could not help seeing from day to day that her son deferred more to her opinion, and that she was supplanting me in such authority as I cared to maintain. Still I knew she would leave us after a term, and for Denis's sake was desirous that her visit should be entirely pleasant to her.

Lord Towerscourt went and came. It was strange to see how agreeable the other two grave personages found his company, he was privileged even when he forgot their dignity. He mightily relieved the monotony of country life by his wild stories, his restlessness, his audacious plain-speaking, his imperturbable good temper; but I set him down as somewhat frivolous when I found how persistently he ignored any but the bright side of things. Still, with all his high spirits, there were times when his face contradicted the conclusion usually arrived at concerning him—that he was a lively young fellow, without a care in the world.

Partly I own by my own contrivance, I was left a good deal alone. I was not a managing woman, and farming, chicken-rearing, or gardening on a grand scale for flower-shows was not much to my taste. At first I visited the cottages about us, and relieved my poor neighbors; but, after the gay, kindly, picturesque poor of Italy, the clumsy boorishness of the flat midland-shire clods was distasteful to my ultra-refined fancy. Misery had warped my judgment and made me selfish; I was soon displeased, soon disgusted. I left off going to see the poor personally, and made the servants my almoners.

Servants are proverbially tattlers. I thought I often saw in the faces around that I was pitied in the servant's hall as an unloved wife. This knowledge kept me quiescent when I discovered that neither my husband nor his mother cared for me to visit in the neighborhood unless accompanied by them; and our neighbors, not being very warmly received, made their visits as we made ours—matter of form—and let us fall back into the state of comparative isolation that we had the bad taste to prefer.

I sat one morning in my dressing-room—it was a pleasant place, beautifully fitted up, and since Lady Fernley had come I always went there when I wanted to be alone. I had a book, but the crabbed French of old Froissart did not possess its usual charm, and I laid it aside when Jessa came in. Jessa had been deeply disappointed by our return to England—she had hoped to end her days under summer skies; but her nursling was always first with her. Every change in my life and happiness was keenly felt by her. She now looked old and careworn, as Italian women do before their time; beyond that, moreover, there was an ever-glittering fire in my poor Jessa's eyes—a restless, suspicious watching which sometimes alarmed me. Always jealous for my interests, I remembered how long it was before she could convince herself that no malicious plot lurked behind Mrs. Escombe's benevolent smile. I used to try to check her when she brought me her doubts and suspicions, but, finding lately that opposition only made her violent, I let her talk till she had exhausted the subject.

Now when she entered I knew by her disturbed face that a heavy list of grievances was going to be unrolled. Her long and faithful service gave her a right to detail them, and made it incumbent on me to listen patiently. She came boldly to urge me to get rid of my mother-in-law, and had a hundred petty instances to relate of her infringements of my rights, all delivered with Southern warmth and picturesque gestures.

"Make her go back to her husband—the old man who weighs the stars in his hand," she said at last, starting up; "she makes things hard between my heart's joy and the *padrone*. *Carissima*, listen! She never loved thee, but she is thy enemy now;" and Jessa hissed out her words in a truly threatening manner.

"Why now, Jessa, more than before?" I asked carelessly.

"Because now she knows all. Yesterday I heard the *padrone* give way to her so eager question why he was unhappy—I concealed meanwhile—and he told her everything, everything, dear one; and she wept and cursed, and said she never loved thee, but now thou wert hateful to her. And they mourned together that their so proud family is disgraced by thee; and—yes, yet another thing—they were glad, though sorry too, for themselves, that there is no child, and thanked Providence—those proud heretics!—that thy nature will not live after thee, but come to an end altogether. Ah, bad hearts, cruel ones! She wept that thou art so young and beautiful, and not likely to die before him, and prayed, for fear he might lose thee again, that she should live with thee always here, and bring the old man here, and let thy husband take his fill of pleasure in other lands!"

"Stop, stop!" I cried, feeling sure that her story, though exaggerated, must be in part true. "You know that you never thoroughly understand any one's English but mine. There must be some mistake. Sit here, my poor Jessa—I see your head is bad again. I am going to ride with Mr. Fernley presently, so remain quietly till I return to dress for it."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ARCHIBALD'S AUNT.

BY VIVIENNE.

He was vexed. There could be no doubt of that, and yet all the cause of his chagrin was a tiny perfumed sheet of paper, which he held in his firm, sun-browned hands, and ever and anon regarded with a frown. There he sat, deep in thought, staring at his meerschaum reflectively, until a new idea appeared to suggest itself to his troubled thoughts, and then he rose from his chair, strolled to the open window, and looked up and down the long, dusty road, as if impatiently watching for somebody who was slow in coming.

"Well, if I must do it, I must?" he exclaimed; "and the sooner the better. How could I know when I told my pretty Oriental aunt to be sure and let me know when she came from England, that she would pop up in the very height of the season, and want to drag me from jolly busy London to some hole in Kent, that surely no civilized being ever heard of before? Ah, such is life, and a precious hard life, too!" ejaculated the young man as he strolled about the untidy room in search of a sheet of note paper wherewith to answer his "Oriental aunt's letter."

At last it was done, the envelope securely fastened, and sealed with an imposing scarlet helmet; but now a new difficulty arose, which forced a deeper groan than ever from our hero. A stamp!

"Hang it all!" muttered the young man irrelevantly, as he idly moved toward the half-opened door; but the cloud on his face vanished like magic when a cheery voice hailed him from the staircase with "Up yet, old fellow!" and still brighter became his countenence as a tall, handsome young man, the proprietor of the voice, entered.

"Hail fellow well met!" exclaimed our impatient acquaintance, giving a hearty shake of the hand to his visitor, who returned it with equal zeal, exclaiming at the same time, however, "I say, Archie, how grumpy you were before I came in! I looked up at the window as I came down the street, and there were you, looking as black as a thunder cloud. What was the matter?

"If you only knew what a donkey I am, Harry, you would have a little compassion. Read that," said Archie, abruptly pushing his aunt's letter across the table towards his companion, and he sat moodily in his easy-chair, watching Harry as he read—

"DEAR ARCHIE—At length the happy time has come which sets my foot once more on the shores of merry England, and true to an old exacted promise of mine, I write this note to inform you of that fact; also that I shall expect you to come down to stay for a long, long time with your auntie, who is all alone, unless you call two mites of children company. Now, Archie, write soon, and tell me when I may expect to see your bright, smiling face again.

"With love, &c., your fond auntie,

GRACE ARLINGTON."

A long whistle manifested that Harry had finished the perusal of the note, which he held out in his hand, critically examining the pretty, neat caligraphy, and finally commenced, "I say, Archie;" but that gentleman nipped his remark in the bud by interrupting, in an aggravated tone, as he held up a slip of paper, "Now, Harry, this is the address: 'Snow-Wreath Cottage, Oakvale, Kent.' Did any one ever hear of such a place? I expect it is some tumble-down country village, with about half-a-dozen miserable huts, and a pervading smell of cows. You needn't laugh, Harry, it is a very serious thing to me."

"Archie," returned the other, very irrelevantly, "didn't you tell me once that your aunt was pretty?"

"Yes," returned that gentleman; "that was when she was only nineteen; and how can you expect beauty of any one who is twenty-seven?"

"Come, old fellow, that doesn't say much for my good looks, was the laughing retort. "However, Archie, listen to reason. You have not seen her for more than eight years, and I dare say that you will find that she has grown more lovely still, for some people grow in beauty as they grow in years."

"Thanks, Harry," replied Archie, gloomily; "I see you want to reconcile me to an abode at Oakvale—but it's no use. And as I see you have already packed your portmanteau, we may just as well walk to Charing-Cross together. What say you?"

"Agreed," responded Archie, rather more cheerily; and arm in-arm the two friends departed, Lieutenant Harry Clyde to bid farewell to his friend, and Captain Archibald Arlington to undertake the first stage of his journey, the result of which was destined to prove so eventful.

"Good-bye, Archie, be sure and write," shouted Lieutenant Clyde, as the train which bore his friend steamed slowly out of the great terminus, and became less and less, until the last vestige disappeared, when Harry was fain to sally out once more into the busy streets, while Archie, losing sight of the station altogether, dropped resignedly into a cushioned seat, resolving to enjoy the journey as best he could, to further which end he produced a book from his pocket, lit a cigar, and relapsed into perfect silence until roused by the stentorian voice of the guard shouting, "Oakvale!"

Hastily snatching up his portmanteau he alighted, and inquired of the only official of whom the station boasted, the vicinity of Snow Wreath Cottage. Having been told by the porter that the cottage stood on a hill, and that he could not failed to perceive it, he sallied forth. He could see the sun glittering in bright reflection on the diamond-paned windows, and the swallows flying towards their nests in the roof, and the sight of all these beauties took his chagrin away, as with a light heart he ascended the hill, and wended his way towards the tiny mansion.

Archie was not the only one on whom the gay sunshine exercised such a bright influence, for as he reached the summit of the hillock he heard a fresh young voice gaily carolling "Scenes that are brightest."

"I didn't think my aunt sang so gloriously," thought the young man, as he opened the little white gate and entered the garden. In vain he looked around to see from whence the voice proceeded. Nobody was visible. At last he saw a golden head appear above the shrubbery, and a figure soon emerged from the shadow, and came slowly down the path.

Down went Archie's portmanteau on the gravel, and he himself springing forward put his arms round the white neck and imprinted a sounding kiss on the lady's forehead, exclaiming, "Why, aunt, I verily believe you have been growing younger since I saw you."

"Well, Archie," was the reply, "we won't discuss that now. So you really left London and all its galeties to come to us. Now, I know you must be tired with travelling," she continued; "let me show you to your room. Recollect, we dine at two, so you have an hour to rest, come in."

Poor Archie! he was quite bewildered by the sight of this lovely creature who stood before him, attired in the most coquettish of morning-dresses, which seemed to have been made with a view to the annihilation of the male sex, and felt more than willing to submit himself to her guidance. Little did he know what followed his entry into his room. Down went his guide into the tiny breakfast-room, where sat a lady who looked up at her entrance.

"Oh, Grace!" she panted forth, "you can't think what I have done. Your nephew, Captain Arlington, came in just now, saw me in the garden, and actually thought I was his aunt. It was too absurd. The creature put his arm around my neck and kissed me. I was thunderstruck, but as the worst was over I thought that I would leave him in ignorance a little longer; how tiresome to think he must be told now!" finished the lady.

"Well, Minnie," replied Archie's veritable aunt, "this is pretty! However, as he has been taken in so easily, we won't undeceive him. You, dear, must still sustain the character of Mrs. Grace Arlington, and for the time being, recollect that I am Minnie Rhyl. Hush, here he is!"

The handle of the door turned, and admitted the Captain, who commenced his remarks to Minnie, but stopped short at the sight of Mrs. Arlington, and glanced inquiringly at his supposed aunt.

"I beg your pardon," said poor Minnie, rising hurriedly. "Archie, Miss Rhyl, my particular friend. Minnie, dear, Captain Arlington."

The "Oriental aunt" rose and bowed profoundly to her handsome nephew, who returned her salute, and made some trivial remark relative to the pleasure he felt at seeing her.

The conversation, stiff at first, soon became general, and cordiality took the place of restraint. Merrily chatted the trio until dinner was announced. Archie was astounded to see with what neatness and elegance the meal was served, and by the time it was concluded he thought it was indeed a paradise into which he had entered.

Days and weeks flew by in blissful serenity, and yet the secret remained undiscovered and unsuspected by Captain Arlington. But, alas, bad actions, like good ones, must come to the light and one night Archie found out the trick that had been so successfully played on him.

A racking toothache formed a sufficient excuse for his non-appearance at dinner, and once alone in his own room, he sat down and wrote a long, reproachful letter to his real aunt, begging her to accord him an interview that this mystery might be cleared up. He entrusted his missive to the servant, desiring her to immediately deliver it to her mistress.

"Now," thought Archie, "I shall see who is the mistress."

The real Mrs. Arlington was sitting on a chair, under the Captain's window, with Minnie reposing on the soft grass, when her maid gave her the letter. Archie leaning out of the window noted how pale his aunt grew, but he was surprised to hear her laugh merrily as she folded up the paper, and gaily exclaim, "We are found out, Minnie, after all our trouble."

"Oh, Gracie!" she faltered, "how he will hate me now—and I love him so much!"

She uttered the avowal unthinkingly, but on lifting up her face to see what effect it had on Mrs. Arlington, she beheld to her unspeakable horror, Archie's eyes fixed on her, while he leaned from his window in a breakneck position, and contemplated the scene below. Poor frightened little dove, she flew away to the shrubbery, anywhere to be alone, to think over her dreadful position, while Archie, scarcely less affected, scrambled out of the window and stood flushed and breathless before his aunt.

"Come, Archie," said that lady, "let us be friends, and I will tell you all about it."

"Now, you are not to blame Minnie in the least, for it is all my doing."

"Blame her!" ejaculated the young man; "no, not I. Oh, auntie," he exclaimed, "I may just as well confide in you at once. I love Minnie Rhyl more than I can tell you, but I dared not tell her so before, but since my sentiments are so fully reciprocated, I have only to ask my darling's consent;" and so saying, he disappeared into the shrubbery.

"Miss Rhyl," he said.

The drooping figure raised itself, but Minnie's violet orbs still sought the ground—and the tears dropped on her white hands. Archie felt his own moist, and his tongue for once very silent. At last he collected courage to say, "Minnie, won't you tell me about it?"

For a moment her eyes met his as she exclaimed, "Why, did not Mrs. Arlington tell you?"

The deceitful captain shook his head,—down went the eyes again, and brokenly, tearfully, the young girl told the tale, with her head bowed all the time, fearing Archie's anger; but at length she stood up boldly and said, "Captain Arlington, may I hope that you will forgive and forget?"

"There is nothing to forgive, little auntie," was the gentle response. "only my own stupidity." But Minnie eagerly interrupted,—

"Oh, how good you are! But please promise that you will call me 'auntie' no longer;" and the pleading eyes were raised questioningly to his face.

"I promise," he replied, "to call you 'auntie' no longer, but 'wife.'—Will you agree to my proposal, Minnie, my dear?" he added, drawing her unresistedly toward him; "say 'yes,' my pet."

"Yes," murmured the sweet lips softly, and, bending forward, Captain Arlington sealed the compact with a kiss.

LAUGHTER.—There is not the remotest corner or little inlet of the minute blood-vessels of the human body that does not feel some wavelet from the convulsion occasioned by good hearty laughter. The life principle, or the central man is shaken to its innermost depths, sending new ideas of life and strength to the surface, thus materially tending to insure good health to the persons who indulge therein. The blood moves more rapidly and conveys a different impression to all the organs of the body, as it visits them on that particular mystic journey when the man is laughing, from what it does at any other times.

AFRICAN EXPLORATION.—There is said to be a terrestrial globe in the Jesuitic Library of the Lyons Museum, France, which is 170 years old, containing in great detail, the curious system of African lakes and rivers, which the English and American travelers have lately rediscovered. An inscription near the north pole, states that it was made in the year 1701. The globe has created a great sensation among geographical savants and amateurs,—as it shows that Africa was explored long previous to the dates generally assigned.

AVALANCHES.—Avalanches rarely fall when the sky is overcast. In winter the St. Bernard monks urge travelers not to venture when the sky is clear. In clear weather the temperature falls, especially before sunrise, and then the filaments of ice which retain the snow on the sides of the mountains contract and snap, the mass begins to slide, and draws others in the train, for the slightest cause of movement, the faintest shock, may cause the fall of enormous avalanches. This is why guides insist on silence at critical points.

FACETIÆ

"Great men"—The stove dealers.

"In leading strings"—The first violins in an orchestra.

"An essay on marriage"—A young man popping the question.

You may walk upon you own toes, but be careful not to tread on other people's.

The term "bull's eyes" in rifle shooting has a relative significance to the fact that the average amateur marksman generally shoots the cows.

As an iota of base ball statistics it may be mentioned that the first pitchers spoken of in history are those who "pitched the Ark within and without."

There is a good deal of modern philanthropy in the heroic self-sacrifice of the man who occupies the middle position, where three of them are carrying a somewhat short ladder.

Many a man has spent a good deal of time in waiting for something to turn up, and it was only when he had one to go, and slipped it from the bottom of the "deck," that they knew it was Jack.

The poet when he wrote, "An honest man's the noblest work of God," with a singularly close appreciation of facts, did not deem it necessary to add that there is no proof of there being any overwork in the case.

The fortune of the Rothschilds is nothing to what that friend of his kind may secure who will invent a shoe or a staircase that do not seem to think domestic needs require that a man cannot come home at midnight without telephoning the fact to everybody in the household.

In the case of recommendations printed in the papers of the virtues of hair restorers of various kinds, there is a singular something in the fact that most of them are written by householders, and consequently married men. This, it is almost unnecessary to say, tells its own story.

One queer feature of the American character is that so many young men at the theatre are so willing to disturb themselves and others to go outside between the acts merely to get a clove, a bit of lemon peel, or to see a man whose business could possibly wait till morning without the least detriment.

A desire to acquire knowledge is usually commendable, but rather Cimmerian ignorance than an attempt to add to one's positive information concerning the disputed assertion of a mule's hind leg describing a circle ten times the apparent length of the moving radius, by personal investigation.

Writers on fashion frequently express their astonishment at the fearful and wonderful make of the stovepipe hat, and wonder what the extensive and apparently useless space in the upper story was designed for. As a first step towards solving the problem it may not be amiss to answer, that the normal condition of modern civilization requires that it should occasionally, if not more frequently, hold a "brick."

Man as a rule has hitherto been so much the more liable to an early taking off, that Nature, in her yearly balancing of accounts, used to show a certain and regular excess of the sterner over the gentler sex. Since the discovery of coal oil, however, and its recognition by the female part of creation as a useful agent in the speedy ignition of fires, this preponderence has increased two or three times over.

The best society and conversation in the world is that in which the heart has a greater share than the head.

WHEN your Liver is Out of Order, use Dr. Jayne's Sanative Pills, and you will rationally assist this organ to regain a healthy condition, and get rid of many distressing symptoms.

VIOLET EYES.

BY HIRAM TORREY.

My Marguerite hath violet eyes,
And oft from out their depths of blue
A look to my love-look replies:
"O yes, I love, I love but you."

Sweet violet eyes, of purer blue
Than skies which hold the stars above,
Reveal in their transparent hue
Divinest mysteries of love.

If light of soul so pure, divine,
In all our human eyes should glow,
The world would soon transfigured shine,
And angel pathways men would know.

Thine eyes, e'er beaming true for me,
Will lead my steps in ways along,
Where all earth's fairest flowers be,
And brightest birds sing sweetest song.

From what far world beyond our skies
Shone down that bright celestial beam
Which gives to thy sweet, soulful eyes
Such heavenly blue, such starry gleam?

HETTIE'S FRIENDS.

BY DAISY HENDERSON.

"I suppose you will call upon our new neighbors, Hettie?" said my father one morning, as I was helping him on with his great coat, according to my usual custom.

"Oh, yes," was my answer; "only we must allow them time to get settled first. They only came in yesterday, and it would be the height of impertinence to intrude just yet."

"I say, do you think they will be people worth knowing?" put in my eldest brother, pushing his plate away, and rising from the table.

"How on earth can I tell, you stupid boy. I have only seen the top of a sealskin hat upon a feminine head, and a pair of huge whiskers adorning a masculine one; and if any notion of them can be gained by such scant observation, you are wiser in your generation than I am in mine."

"There, little woman!" said my father kissing me; "have the last word, as usual, for I must be off. We'll trust to the future to enlighten us regarding the new comers."

The omnibus horn sounded and my father and Jack rushed off. Then I turned to the breakfast table again to finish my own repast and attend to the wants of my younger brothers and sisters. My mother never made her appearance down stairs thus early, so the duty of coffee maker general devolved upon myself.

We had been located at Kimburn five years, my father being a merchant in the adjacent town of Oldborough. Kimburn was an offshoot of Oldborough and fast becoming merely an appendage. The society was pretty select, and good-sized family tenements, like our own and the new neighbors, were generally inhabited by respectable, and in some cases wealthy people, consequently everybody who, was anybody, and during our residence in the locality we had made many kind friends and pleasant acquaintance. Thus it devolved upon me to take the initiative with regard to our new neighbors; my mother's delicate health preventing her indulging in visits of ceremony.

Neither the wearer of the sealskin hat nor the owner of the whiskers was to be seen outside The Willows that day, or on many succeeding days.

But the new week brought a new order of things, for when my father was arraying his portly person previous to sallying forth to business the front door of The Willows opened, and a tall genteel looking man came down the walk, and gazed up the road in search of the expected omnibus.

"Oh!" exclaimed my brother, "we are to have him for a companion into town, it seems. Perhaps I can give you some general information when I return, sister mine."

They all entered the vehicle, and the duties of the day occupied me at home and abroad until their return to tea at six. During that meal my ever-ready tongue plied them with questions as to who and what the newcomers were; and Jack, as usual, bent on provoking, vowed he would not answer a single query until he had appeased his appetite. So, beyond my father's remark that the gentleman's name was Raynsford, and that he seemed a very nice fellow, I heard nothing, and inwardly chafed while my tiresome brother leisurely demolished a plateful of cold roast beef, and unlimited tea and toast.

"Now, miss, what do you want to know?" he then commenced; "you may cross question as you like; my inward cravings are satisfied, so now for yours."

I hesitated. The truth was I had so many things to ask, I scarcely knew where to begin; and Jack, seeing this, professed to take pity upon my embarrassment.

"Well, then, his name is Raynsford, and we are probably destined to know more of him, for he proves to be, oddly enough, the new manager in our bank. We walked together from the 'bus, and returned in company this evening."

"He seems a sensible, well informed man," said my father, "from what I could judge as we came back."

"He is that," said my brother, "and we are great chums already."

"Did he say anything about his wife?" I demanded.

"Not much: and I did not make many inquiries. I am not so mad after petticoats, as you, sis. But from what he did let fall, I fancy he has been married about a year, part of which time they have been traveling on the continent."

"When shall I call, papa?"

"Any time you like, Hettie. I mentioned to Mr. Raynsford your intention, and he seemed very pleased, declaring Pearl (as he called her) would be glad to meet with a friend about her own age, for she was one of a large family and naturally felt dull during his absence."

So it was settled that I should call upon her in a day or two, when we heard from Mr. Raynsford that my visit would be agreeable. A pleasant message from Mrs. Raynsford decided it, and one fine afternoon I presented my own card and my mother's (the latter out of courtesy) to the neat handmaiden who entered the door, and I was ushered into the drawing-room to await the appearance of its mistress.

While I was turning over the leaves of a photograph album Mrs. Raynsford entered and quickly put to flight all thought of any one save herself. She frankly extended her hand and greeting me warmly, expressed her pleasure at my visit. She was rather below the middle height, graceful, and well-informed, with large, gray eyes, clear and lustrous. Altogether Mrs. Raynsford was a strangely attractive creature, and my heart went out to her there and then.

We were still gossiping in the most cordial manner when Mrs. Raynsford came in. Heartily he welcomed me to The Willows, and begged a frequent repetition of my visit, which I as heartily promised, on condition that early the following week they would accept my mother's invitation, and spend an evening with us at Ivy Bank. This he willingly acceded to, and seeing me to the gate, stood chatting to Jack while I went to unrobe. Mrs. Raynsford also came out and was introduced to my father.

Under such pleasant auspices commenced our acquaintance with the Raynsfords, an acquaintance which time soon ripened into close friendship; and though there are many other voices making music in my heart now, Pearl Raynsford is to me as the dearest of dear sisters still.

* * * * * * *

Time passed on; Mr. and Mrs. Raynsford became constant visitors at Ivy Bank, many surrounding families exchanged courtesies, and the winter, glided merrily over, and the more we saw of them the more we liked and appreciated them. When the spring buds were just putting forth their delicate petals, after their long sleep in the snow, a little human blossom came to the Raynsfords, and opened its eyes upon this strange world.

So the little Edith grew and prospered as the days lengthened, and at midsummer Lottie Brandon, Pearl's second sister, came to her on a visit. A nice, unaffected, warm-hearted girl, not so decidedly pretty as Mrs. Raynsford, but sufficiently so to prove an attraction to my volatile brother.

One pleasant day Mrs. Raynsford came in with Baby Edith, and finding me sewing in the cool, shaded drawing-room, while my mother took her afternoon nap, she came and sat down by my side for a chat.

"Hettie," she began, "I've been thinking we might have a nice afternoon in Holme Woods while Lottie is here. The weather is beautiful for a walk—what do you say?"

"That it would be delightful," I replied, "I should enjoy it beyond everything else. Do you mean to have a regular pic nic?"

"No; I thought a 'family party' would be pleasanter. The children would like it, and Mr. Clemence might join if some one could be found to stop with your mother in the afternoon."

"Papa would be just as pleased as any of us, Pearl."

"Ask him to-night, then. Of course Jack must come, or some one would be disappointed. Suppose I ask the Nisbets and Arthurs, and last, but not least, Hettie, Spence Daly," and she looked provokingly knowing and mischievous.

"Of course, Spence Daly," I returned, striving to appear unconscious of the emphasis placed on that particular name, but it would not do.

This Spence Daly was a constant "bone of contention." It was no use my teasing Jack about Lottie Branden; he retaliated so unmercifully, I was forced to cry "Hold." Still I was not going to let all the world know that I really did take pleasure in the young doctor's visits, or that I felt pretty sure in my own mind that he came to see me, as well as to prescribe for my mother's rheumatism.

That evening, in family conclave, we discussed the ways and means, and it was decided that the following Thursday should be set apart for an excursion to Holme Woods, which were some nine miles distant from Kimburn.

Thursday came, and with it as cloudless a sky and as warm a sun, as pleasure seekers could desire. Papa and Mr. Raynsford went to town, but the latter gave Jack a whole holiday that he might stay at home and assist the ladies. We made a very scrambling meal at one o'clock—my father, Mr. Raynsford and the other visitors appearing just as we were finishing—and then ensued much talking, bustle and confusion.

We had a wagonette holding eight, another for six, and a comfortable open chaise.

It was a splendid drive through a lovely country to Holme Woods, which were a favorite resort in summer, and occasionally overstocked with pleasure seekers like ourselves; but that day we were fortunate in finding them free from all visitors.

We are all of us more or less children to the end of the chapter, I suppose. So we had "hide-and-seek" and various other diversions in which we could all join; but I am afraid the complaint made by the young ones that "Jack and Hettie were so hard to find" was quite legitimate, for we hid in couples, if we did not hunt in pairs; and once Rose came with a very rueful face, saying "Jack and Miss Brandon were not hiding at all, but talking down by the brook, and Jack had told her to never mind them—to look for somebody else."

At length came the summons to tea, and we all sat down in great spirits, and were all laughing and chattering in the gayest of moods, when a shrill scream from Rose caused a sudden cessation, and looking up we saw our impromptu tea-table surrounded by a herd of ominous looking black cattle.

We sprang to our feet in a second, utterly regardless of the viands we were upsetting in our impetuosity. We of the weaker sex flew like a flock of scared pigeons, to the shelter of an adjacent wood, while the gentlemen did their best to disperse the unwelcome intruders, which proved to be some foreign oxen belonging to Sir Reginald Amory, upon whose domain the Holme Woods bordered.

Somewhat separated from my companions in my hasty movements, I suddenly became aware of two lurid eye balls glaring at me through the trees, and, stricken with terror I deemed my surest safety lay in continued flight; so I turned my back upon the enemy, only to hear his fierce roar and hasty strides following. How far I ran I know not, stumbling every moment over fallen brushwood: but I was beginning to feel terribly faint when the little rivulet unexpectedly stopped my further progress. I was just thinking of a plunge among its ripples, when I was caught up in a pair of strong arms, and at a single bound placed in safety on the opposite bank, my pursuer being left pawing the very ground my feet had a moment before been treading.

My preserver was Spence Daly, of course, and when we reached our party, we found them all assembled, tolerably recovered from their alarm, and the wild cattle safely housed in their proper quarters, from which, through some one's carelessness, they had strayed.

But the daylight had now faded, and the vehicles were ready and waiting, so each lent a helping hand towards the collection of the fragments that remained.

Jack and Miss Lottie were snugly ensconced in one corner of the wagonette, almost lost to sight in the folds of some huge wraps. Mr. Daly and myself occupied the other—where, somehow, my left hand became clasped in his, and was never unloosed—while Pearl, Mr. Nisbet, and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur filled the remaining seats.

Oh that ride!—the sudden hiding of the crescent moon as the trees met over our heads—the still more unexpected and strange revealings made by her as she beamed forth again, when we were intent upon far different themes.

Though not about to be crowned "Queen of the May," like Tennyson's fair heroine, I was going to be Spence Daly's wife, which destiny appeared to me far more enviable than that of any royal lady, however numerous her subjects or extensive her sway. The heart of my new betrothed, and the home to which he would take me, seemed a nobler woman's kingdom than a throne inherited or a world subdued.

MILDRED'S EDITOR.

BY NELLIE PERCIVAL.

Whether the fact originated in the malapropos ending of some flirtation in an attack of low spirits, because she really felt a sudden prompting of genius, or—and this seemed the general answer to the enigma—for want of something better to do, Mildred Lester took to writing poetry; and the editor of the *Furnborough Mercury* happening to be in a good temper, and somewhat in want of "padding" when Mildred's first effusions reached him, the said effusions found their way into the Poet's Corner of the *Mercury*.

This last vagary of Mildred's had lasted about six months,—the readers of the *Mercury* had become accustomed to M. L.'s moods, and the correspondence between Mildred and the editor waxed fast and furious. She wrote her poems, and asked his advice concerning her "literary labors," and he criticised, suggested, and took, as Mildred thought, quite a fatherly interest in her and her work. So, things having arrived at this pass, a letter that came one morning, directed in the somewhat cramped hand-writing that had become familiar to every member of the family, was handed over to its rightful owner, with no further comment than, "Here's another from your editor, Mildred. That's the second this week."

However, this letter was not destined to be read and pocketed in the usual dignified silence, for Mildred, in common with other specimens of ill used genius, was not accustomed to meet with much sympathy in the home circle; but on this occasion surprise conquered caution, and looking up from her letter, she exclaimed, "Oh mamma, Mr. Marston is coming through Elsden to-day, and he wants to speak to me about that volume of poems he sent me, and he has asked me to meet him at the station."

"Well, really Mildred that's rather a novel proceeding," said her mother. "Can't Mr. Marston come here if he must see you?"

"But he's going to London, mamma, and he only waits to change trains at Elsden," replied Mildred.

"Oh mother," chimed in Fred Lester, "let her go; geniuses are not bound by the small proprieties like common-place mortals."

"Nonsense, Fred," said Mrs. Lester; "we know nothing of the man;" a statement which, although true, sent the hot blood with an indignant rush to Mildred's face; whereupon Fred, after a prolonged stare at his sister, remarked, "I rather think I can accommodate you with a voucher concerning the old gentleman's respectability, mother."

"You, Fred!" exclaimed Millie. "How?"

"Simply because I've seen him, Millie?"

"You never told me," said Mildred.

"No, I never did," said Fred, slowly, with a suspicious smile curling the corners of his mouth.

"And why not?" she asked.

"Because I was not hard hearted enough to give you the verb 'desillusionner' to conjugate; and because your silent hero-worship was too rich a treat to be lost; why, child, he's old enough to be your grandfather, and awfully deaf, (so all Elsden will hear your conversation,) besides which, I doubt if the top of his very bald head will reach your shoulders."

"But, mamma, what shall I do? Do you think there would be any harm in meeting Mr. Marston?"

"No actual harm, my dear; but it scarcely seems the thing. What do you know of him, Fred?"

"Very little, mother. About three years ago our firm took it into its head to have a series of advertisements inserted in the *Mercury*, and I went to Mr. Marston to make arrangements for them."

"And what is he like?"

"Like a very ordinary-looking elderly gentleman, with, I thought, a remarkably keen eye for the main chance. Perhaps I'd better add, Millie," continued Fred, provokingly, "that he has a wife to match himself, and heaps of children."

"Then I don't think there would be any harm in Mildred's seeing him," said Mrs. Lester.

"No, mother, I don't think there will," said Fred; "she won't send him much poetry afterwards; and I'll guarantee she won't fall in love with him."

"You'll have to go with her, Fred."

"I don't see how I can, mother—there's the cricket match;—however, what time does the train come in, Millie?"

"Two," was the reply.

"Oh then I can manage it," said Fred; "if I'm at the ground by three it will do."

Accordingly a few minutes before two Mildred and Fred stood on the platform of the little railway station, and punctual to its time the train came in. The brother and sister narrowly scrutinised the few passengers who alighted at Elsden, but, as Fred observed, "There wasn't such a thing as an elderly gentleman amongst them."

Mildred felt intensely vexed at the defection of her hero, and she looked up at Fred half afraid of his teasing proclivities; but he understood the look, and, though sorely tempted, with a few good natured words, while Mildred turned down the road that led to her home, he started off at full speed in the opposite direction.

The day was very warm, and Mildred was in no hurry to tell the tale of her disappointment at home, so she walked along slowly, and had gone a very short distance when the sound of rapid footsteps behind her attracted her attention, and the next minute she was overtaken by two young men, one of whom raising his hat said, rather hesitatingly, "Miss Lester, I believe?"

Mildred was too much astonished to be prepared with a suitable reply, so she merely bowed assent.

"I am very sorry I did not speak to you while Mr. Lester was with you at the station," continued the stranger; "but the fact is, I—I did not know you were so—so young."

Mildred positively started with surprise. Had Fred wilfully misled her, or had he made some unaccountable mistake? He had certainly told her that Mr. Marston was at least as old as her father, and now she was called upon to identify the editor of the *Mercury* with a man little older than her brother, and not less good looking, and her perplexity was visible in her face.

"But you are not Mr. Marston?" she said.

"Indeed I am," was the reply; "and allow me to introduce you to my friend Mr. Carrys; he has been very anxious for an introduction."

If such had been the case, Mr. Carrys took very little trouble to improve the acquaintance, for he made some vague remark concerning a suddenly remembered and very unlikely engagement, and speedily decamped, leaving Mildred and Mr. Marston alone together.

The pair had walked on some little distance in silence, when Mildred glanced up at her companion, and began to think that the reality was better than Fred's "elderly gentleman," after all; and growing determined to solve the mystery she said, the words being accompanied by a slight blush, "My brother must have made some strange mistake, Mr. Marston, for he distinctly told us this morning that he had seen you."

"I cannot understand how that can be, Miss Lester," said he, "for I have a very keen memory for faces, seldom forgetting a person I have once seen, and I have not the slightest recollection of your brother. Did he say when or where we had met?"

"Oh, it was a long time ago," she replied—"three years, I believe,—Fred came to your office about some advertisements."

"Three years! Why, Miss Lester, I was not in England at that time. Ah, now I understand,"—and Mr. Marston laughed,—"of course he must have seen my father, and naturally concluded that he was still the editor; instead of which the dear old governor retired on his laurels a year ago, and I took his place; so that explains the mistake; and," he continued, mischievously, "I expect it accounts for your presence at the station."

Mildred could not help smiling, but she said demurely, "Well, you had no grounds for making a similar mistake, Mr. Marston, as you implied just now that you had done."

"Certainly not," he replied; "I have no one to blame but myself; only somehow, from the tone of your letters, I thought that,—well, you will not be cross,—that you were of a certain age, and——Is this your home?" he asked, as Mildred paused at the garden gate of a pretty villa.

"No,—a married sister of mine lives here," replied Mildred. "Will you come in?—she will be very pleased to see you," she added, desperately, inwardly hoping that the London train went too soon to allow her offer to be accepted, and heartily wishing her companion anywhere but where he stood, for her dread of quizzing made her very quick sighted; and she had noticed that, when they reached the garden gate, her little niece had been standing at the drawing-room window, which, after a moment's glance at her aunt and her companion, she quitted, returning almost directly with her father; and Mildred knew him too well to hope that he would allow her morning's adventure to pass over without comment.

Mr. Marston stood talking to her a little while longer, and then, with the hope several times repeated that he should hear from her again soon, and a somewhat lingering pressure of the hand, he turned back towards the station, and Mildred ran in doors.

She had expected to be received with a volley of questions and exclamations, and was surprised to find herself greeted with her usual welcome, her brother in law simply telling her to be quick and take off her hat, as luncheon was ready; but Mildred knew the ordeal she had to go through was only delayed when, on entering the dining-room, she saw Mr. Carrys seated at the table, and she felt she was blushing as she bowed in response to her second introduction to him that day.

"Where have you been for a walk, Mildred?" asked Mrs. Lowe.

"Oh Fanny" interrupted Mr. Lowe, before Mildred could reply, "I forgot; you haven't heard the news. Mildred has been to see her editor."

"Well, and what's he like, Mildred?"

"Really, I can't tell you; but no doubt, George can," was the rather sharp answer, "he stared at him long enough."

"Oh, don't mind him, Mildred," said Fanny, good-naturedly, "you know he must tease. Go on, George."

"Well, this morning I met Mrs. Lester in the town, and she said that Mildred had had a letter this morning from her editor, asking her to meet him at the station. Of course the maternal respect for the small proprieties was aroused, and she refused permission till Fred said he'd vouch for Mr. Marston being old as Methuselah and as ugly as the Veiled Prophet; and so Mrs. Lester, taking pity on the old gentleman's legs or crutches, said she might go, if Fred attended as escort. They had just gone when she left home; and there her story ended."

"And yours begins, I suppose?" said Mildred.

"Precisely, Millie," replied George. "After leaving your mother, I was on my way to the Mills, when I met Carrys (who was, you know, an old college chum of mine) looking savage enough to throw stones at his grandmother. It appears that Carrys, having nothing to do—a very common complaint with him, I believe—was prevailed upon by Mr. Marston to accompany him to meet an elderly female dragon, otherwise the renowned poetess, M. L. Only he forgot that poets don't reckon time like we meaner creatures do, and so he found that M. L. was in reality young, and (what was the exact form you employed, Carrys?) not bad-looking?"

"Get out, you torment," was the rejoinder. "Had I know Miss Lester was your sister-in-law, I should have held my tongue."

"How was it you left your friend, Mr. Carrys?" inquired Mrs. Lowe.

"Because he felt rather uncomfortably conscious that he was *de trop*. In other words, when he caught sight of Miss Lester's black hair, he vanished, and left the poetical pair," said Mr. Lowe. "There, Mildred, what do you think of that? I am beginning to fancy I have a future before me. How does your editor do his hair? I believe that's of some importance, and——"

But here Mildred's patience was exhausted; for she rose, and after briefly telling her sister she was going to the cricket match that afternoon, and wishing the others good day, started for home, feeling as if every one had combined to annoy her, and very much inclined to wish that she had never heard of the *Furnborough Mercury* or its editor.

For some weeks after that Mildred wrote no more poetry. Mr. Marston, in despair, sent her several letters, only obtaining short and rather sarcastic replies. So at last, by a series of manœuvres, he managed to make Fred's acquaintance, and the story ended—as George Lowe observed it only could end—by Mildred's editor becoming her husband.

CONSTANCY.

BY CHARLES NOEL.

Veronica Spencer was the only daughter of a wealthy southern planter who had spared no pains in her education. She was beautiful and accomplished, and in the halcyon years which brooded over the Southern people in the south at that epoch, she was sought by a numerous train of admirers. Lorenzo Mair a lover of hers, who had been rejected when he spoke the words which women as a rule, love best of all spoken speech, determined in despair, to flee to the wilds of Texas, for the maddened memories which every bush and every tree around recalled but too forcibly to mind.

But a painful task remained to be performed. Common courtesy demanded that he should not depart, without bidding her farewell. Pride sustained him. He nerved himself for the task, and the evening before that fixed for his departure, he called with the intention of bidding her a hasty "good bye." Contrary to expectations, he found her alone. The cold dignity of manner which he had determined to assume, faded before the kind reception he met with, and seating himself he for a time forgot the object of his visit.

"I am glad to find you alone this evening" said he at length, as she hurried from the piano where she had been practicing a favorite song.

"That is a pleasure I should have enjoyed very often of late, Lorenzo if I had depended on you for company," said Veronica. "These long intervals between your visits are unkind, surely I have not been so unfortunate as to offend you."

"No Veronica," replied he, "but from what I observed during the last three or four visits which I made, I should suppose you were not likely to suffer from ennui."

There was an air of reproach in the half playful tone in which he uttered these words. She was not slow to perceive it.

"Lorenzo," she replied, after looking at him for a moment in silence, "when Veronica Spencer forgets her old friends, it will be time to reproach her with treating her new ones with the courtesy to which they are entitled. I have not expected this from you."

"I meant not so, Veronica," he hastily remarked. "I only intended—but no matter, I have no reproaches to make, and if I had, they would be but ill-suited to a farewell interview. I have come to bid you "good bye" forever."

"You jest Lorenzo; are you angry with me?"

"No, but the truth is, I leave to-morrow for Texas."

She replied not. But her look was more eloquent than words could possibly have been. He could not misunderstand it—it told him that the ties which the long and sunny years of infancy had entwined around them, were yet unsevered. That with her as with him the heart was unchanged. His pride, and his fears, all, all were so forgotten as he poured forth the wild tale of his love. That night he returned home the accepted suitor of Veronica Spencer.

It was late in the fall. Her father had given consent to their union, and a day was fixed in the ensuing spring for their nuptials. But in a month after this, Lorenzo was arrested upon a heinous crime—wilful and deliberate murder!

The evidence against him was wholly circumstantial, but at the same time so conclusive in its nature as almost to preclude the possibility of his innocence.

The circumstances were these: A quarrel had taken place between Veronica's father and one Captain Jackson of the army and one of her rejected suitors. A challenge passed. The evening preceding the appointed day, Jackson was found murdered by the road side; at a short distance from him was discovered, concealed among the leaves, a dirk known by many to be the property of Mr. Spencer, and which had been seen in his possession on the morning of the murder. Spencer was also seen coming from the woods in which the body was found a few hours before its discovery. An examination of the wounds of the murdered man, discovered the fact that he had been attacked from behind and showing beyond a doubt that Lorenzo's dirk was the weapon with which they had been inflicted.

There was but one opinion as to his guilt. All concurred in denouncing him as a cold-blooded assassin.

"Whither are you going, Veronica?" said Judge Spencer to his daughter, as she passed him in the hall in the afternoon of the day succeeding the murder.

"I am going to see him," she replied.

"Think of him no longer."

"Father, I must, I will see him."

"If you go, you go at my displeasure."

"Father, hear me. I know all—I have heard his guilt proclaimed from a hundred mouths, and every anathema which has been heaped upon him, has only rendered him dearer in my sight, dearer to my heart. Father until now, I never knew how much I loved him."

"Do you believe him innocent?" asked the Judge.

"I do in Heaven's sight. God knows he is innocent."

She saw him in the jail, and there was a painful scene. She left the prison in full faith of his innocence, and in the solitary cell to which he was consigned, he had the satisfaction of knowing that there was at least one heart satisfied of his innocence, and that heart, the one of all others in the memory of which he would wish to have an unblemished name.

The day of his trial arrived. In the course of the testimony, one Dr. Stevens a surgeon who had examined the body, testified to the fact of having been with Lorenzo in his office in the morning, and having seen in his possession a dirk of very peculiar construction—that this same dirk was found concealed near the murdered man's corpse with about one inch of the point broken off, which point was found in one of the wounds; the dirk was here produced and identified; the point which had been taken from the wound corresponded exactly with the other part.

When the dirk was produced the prisoner looked at it for a moment with a blushed face and then whispered in his counsel's ear. "You say you knew this dirk to be one that Lorenzo Mair had in his possession on the morning of the murder;" said his counsel to the witness. "Did you take it into your hands while you were in Mr. Mair's office?"

"I did, and examined it attentively."

"Did you make any remark relative to carrying a weapon of this kind in your hat?"

"I remarked that it was often more convenient to carry a small dirk in that way than in the breast. I placed the prescribed dirk in my hat to show him the way which I meant."

"How did it correspond with the length of your hat."

"It was about half an inch shorter than the crown."

"Is that the hat you have in your hand."

"Yes."

"Will you have the goodness to see how this weapon which you have identified as the prisoner's corresponds with that measurement."

The witness did as he was desired, when to his own astonishment and that of the crowded audience, it proved to be one inch longer than the hat.

"There is some mistake here."

"Stop," said the counsel. "Please tell the jury what Mr. Mair did with the dirk after you took it out of your hat and returned it to him."

"He laid it between the leaves of a large book which lay upon the lower shelf of his book case."

The book was produced, and the dirk was found in its place between the leaves. It was a shorter dirk by several inches than the one belonging to the prisoner. It was placed in the hat and corresponded exactly with the description given by the Doctor.

A wild and thrilling shout arose from the crowd, loud above which was heard the shrill cry of a woman.

In a moment more Veronica Spencer was clasped in the arms of her lover. He was acquitted.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

NIELLO.—This consists of nine parts of silver, one part copper, one part lead, and one part bismuth, which are melted together and saturated with sulphur. This mixture produces the gorgeous blue which has often been erroneously spoken of as steel blue.

NEW WHEEL TIRE.—A new wheel tire has been recently invented. It consists in passing around the usual iron tire, and around this again, an iron tire made in sections, so that each section may yield inward as the weight comes upon it. It is said to lessen noise, jarring and wear.

CEMENT FOR SEALING BOTTLES.—Mix three parts of resin, one of caustic, one of soda, and five of water: this composition is then mixed with half its weight of plaster of Paris. The compound sets in three quarters of an hour, adheres strongly, is not permeable like plaster used alone, and is attacked only slightly by warm water.

CHEAP GYMNASIUM.—After a broomstick has outlived its usefulness as part of a carpet cleaner, it may be made to minister to one's health by cutting off the broom and using it as a gymnasium wand. Spend five minutes each night and morning in lifting the wand high over the head in both hands, palms front, and then drawing the elbows sharply down, letting the stick fall behind the shoulders. The most obstinate case of crookedness will yield to this treatment, unless it be that the deformity has existed from birth.

ACOUSTICS.—The principles of acoustics are but poorly understood. As a general thing the ceilings of halls and churches should be at a moderate elevation only. Sometimes the hanging up of flags or draperies will improve the acoustic properties, sometimes a head or false ceiling becomes necessary. The whispering gallery of St. Paul's Church, London, offers an interesting example of one of the principles of acoustics.

FARM AND GARDEN.

MEASUREMENT OF HAY.—A New York farmer writes that in his part of the country they sell hay by measurement, in a mow, and allow 512 cubic feet for a ton, and it comes out very generally correct.

THE SOIL OF THE MIND.—When, by reason of inclement weather, you cannot cultivate the soil, it will be wisdom on your part to cultivate your mind. A valuable harvest will reward all earnest and faithful culture.

POULTRY BREEDING.—It is not well for the farmer of ordinary circumstances to meddle much with fancy poultry, not that poultry is an unimportant item on the farm, but because it will not pay him to breed for fancy alone. Should he do so, he will come to grief.

PLANTING TREES.—Where forests are thoroughly cut away, it is desirable to plant rapidly growing trees for a renewal of the timber, provided they give durable and valuable wood. Among the fast growing sorts for this purpose, the catalpa, osage orange, blue gum and allanthus may be named.

A QUEER CABBAGE.—The Island of Jersey, in the English Channel, produces a remarkable variety of cabbage, called the Jersey cow cabbage, which grows to the height of three or four feet, and is cultivated for fodder. The stalk, which is tall and very straight, is often made into walkingsticks, and when smoothed off and varnished it is similar in appearance to bamboo cane. Most travelers who visit the island carry away a cabbage walkingstick.

GLEANING.—In old bible times the harvester was not to glean his field or his vineyard; he was to leave the accidental scatterings for the poor. A good provision in the old law, to keep alive in the husbandman's heart a social and charitable feeling. But in these times there are none to glean as a divine right what the farmer fails to collect. Hence the duty devolves upon the reaper to gather savingly, and to collect all the fragments, that nothing be lost.

FEMININITIES.

The bearing and training of a child is woman's wisdom.

A man's loving heart can sow the most desert female face with flowers of beauty.

"Take away woman," asks a writer, "and what would follow?" That's easy. The men.

At the present time the fashionable drink of the English female aristocracy is gin.

Parlor matches don't go off any better, though they make more fuss than those made over the front gate.

A Western paper says: "Marriage is a terrible punishment devised to expiate the offenses of the bad young man.

One of the printed rules in a female seminary is, that none of the pupils shall eat slate pencils, chalk, soapstone, or coal.

When the blossoms and leaves of a woman's beauty fall, we may discover her defects, as we behold ravens' nests in the trees in winter.

Benjamin West said it was a kiss from his mother made him a painter. How our fashionable young ladies must have been kissed by their mammas.

Love may be blind, as they say, but we notice that in all the records of the ages, it has never kissed the girl's mother by mistake when it reached the girl.

"I curse the hour we were married!" exclaimed an enraged husband to his better half. To which she mildly replied, "Don't, my dear, for that was the only happy hour we have ever seen."

The English dailies used to say that Mr. So-and-So was married on such a date, and ignore the bride altogether, but of late years even the London *Times* has concluded that the bride can be mentioned in a sort of careless way.

A widower had five grown daughters who wouldn't let him take a second wife. He gave up the wife but bought a savage dog, and now won't allow a man to cross his door sill. If he can't marry, the girls sha'n't, he says. But the girls will give in by-and-by. They can't stand that sort of thing forever.

"Mary, my love, do you remember the text this morning?" "No, pa, I never can remember the text, I have such a bad memory." "By the way, did you notice Susan Brown?" joined in Mary's mother. "Oh, yes; what a fright! She had on her last year's bonnet done up, a pea green silk, a black mantilla, brown boot, an imitation of Honiton collar, a lava bracelet, her old earrings, and such a fan!" "Well, my dear, your memory is certainly bad."

Minna's Wonderful Dream.

Wonderful to relate, Minna was a little girl who rarely thought of any one but herself. She would take the warmest place by the fire, and the largest piece of cake on the dish, or the finest apple or pear; and she would take away the toys from the other children, and did not care for anything as long as she was amused herself.

Her mother was very sorry to see that Minna was so selfish, and used to talk very seriously to her about it, and to tell her that no one would love her if she did not mend her ways.

But Minna did not care, and she did not believe what her mother said.

"You will always love me, mother," said she.

"Perhaps so," said her mother; "but then you are my own little girl, and it is my duty to take care of you. Besides, I shall be very sorry for you because you will be very unhappy. But no one else will care for you. Every one will dislike you because you are selfish—every one in the world."

Minna did not say anything, but the words "every one in the world" came into her head many times during the day, and at night they came into her dreams, and she fancied she saw the words written up in letters of fire, from which the flames shot up in all directions, and she was saying half aloud, "The bed will be on fire," when a voice said:

"But you are not in bed, you are in the farmyard."

Then she looked round, and saw that she was near the barn, and that there was a ladder not far off, and a great barrel close by. Also there was a heap of carrots, which Minna began to toss about, and to snap in two, and pull their leaves off, and at last she was throwing them all into the duckpond, when a voice suddenly said:

"Stop!"

Minna looked round, but no one was to be seen.

"Stop!" said the voice again.

Then Minna looked down, and, seated upon a stone, she perceived a carrot whose green top knot of leaves she had broken off. Two little legs and two little arms had sprouted out, and it had an eye and a mouth, but no nose.

"Have you no feelings?" said the carrot. "Is it not enough to be taken from my home in the earth, without being knocked about and flung into a duckpond? How should you like it?"

"I'm not a carrot," said Minna.

"You don't care for any one but yourself!" replied the carrot, growing redder and redder. "No one likes you, not even carrots, and you will find that some day people will pay you back for being so selfish. I am going to begin at once. Come, carrots, carrots, carrots!" he shouted.

"In and out
Whirl about;
Pinch and beat her;
Let her know
Selfishness will bring her woe;
Come at once and greet her."

Then suddenly all the carrots that were lying about sprang up, and those that were in the duck-pond sprang out of it. They were joined by those in the gardens near, and they came trooping along like an army. They could walk as well in the air as on the ground; and they whirled round Minna and pulled her hair and pinched her arms, till she cried aloud for mercy.

"Ho! ho! ho! only see
What it is our foe to be,"

shouted the carrots, as they twirled up and down and round and round. The air was full of carrots, and the ground was covered by them, and Minna made up her mind that if she ever got clear of them she would never meddle with a carrot again as long as she lived. She kept off their blows as long as she could, but at last she was too tired to do so any longer, and she sank down to the ground crying, "Oh, please leave off! please leave off!"

"We now have done,
But we've had some fun,"

said the carrot who had first spoken to her.

"Carrots, depart!" said he, waving his hand.

The last carrot had said "Good bye," but Minna had not spoken. She waited till she thought he had gone, and then she looked up. The carrot certainly was not there, but a large cat was sitting beside her.

"Prim, poor Prim!" said Minna.

"Poor Prim, indeed!" said the cat, angrily; "don't think to coax me, you never think of me in the house, you pull my whiskers and my tail, and you never give me a bit of cake, or anything nice that you are eating; and this morning, though I sat on the dresser beside you, longing for a little new milk, you drank it all up—you did not leave me a drop. You are the most selfish little girl I know, and I don't like you, so I am going to scratch you."

"Oh dear! oh dear!" said Minna, "please don't. The carrots have punished me till I am quite sore."

"Cats, cats, one and all,
Tabby, tortoiseshell, come when I call,
Gray and yellow, black and white,
Cats and kittens, come hither to-night."

Ah! all the cats and kittens in the world must have come. So many! And they all thronged round her, and sat upon her shoulders, and clung round her arms.

"All the cats in the world hate you," said Prim.

"We do! we do! we do!" mewed the cats; "she never cares what becomes of poor cats and kittens."

Then the cats tumbled over each other, and tumbled over Minna, and crowded round her and upon her, until she was sitting under a heap of cats, with only her face peeping out, and Prim was crouching in front, looking fiercely at her.

"Now that you cannot stir," said Prim, "I am going to scratch you."

"Oh! oh! oh!" shrieked Minna, and she gave such a start that all the cats fell down upon the ground; and at that moment she opened her eyes, and found herself in her bed, with her mother standing beside her.

"What is the matter?" asked her mother, for she had heard Minna scream.

"Oh! oh! oh!" sobbed Minna; "I have had such a horrid dream."

"Well, it was only a dream. You are awake now, and I am with you."

"Every one in the world hates me, even the cats and the carrots," sobbed Minna, and bit by bit she told her mother all her dream.

"It was such a horrid dream, and I was so frightened," said Minna; "I can't think why it came."

"I will tell you," said her mother; "it came out of your own heart. You had been thinking of the words I said to you, that every one would dislike you but myself. I am glad that you have had this dream, for it shows me that my words have sunk into my little girl's heart, and I hope now that she will try to improve."

"I will try," said Minna.

And she did try, and whenever she was inclined to do any selfish act she thought of her wonderful dream, and said to herself:

"I should not wish all the world to be like the cats and the carrots."

Maggie's Secret.

BY CHARLES DESPARD.

"Marriage.—The great astrologer, Signor Morgani, will return a correct likeness of your future partner upon receipt of thirty stamps. Name, age, and sex must be given, with a slight description of personal appearance. Address Signor Morgani, &c., &c."

"And this is your advertisement, Morgan? Ah well!—I suspect your dupes are principally old maids and school girls."

The speaker, a handsome young man about five-and-twenty, threw down the local paper with a merry peal of laughter.

The person addressed, known in the advertising columns as Signor Morgani, was no other than a certain plain Tom Morgan, a regular slip shod, careless fellow, who, after trying his hand at various trades, and failing in all, had finally hit upon the above mode, which gratified his indolent disposition, by calling forth little exertion save the exercise of that literary ingenuity of which he possessed a large share. He had formerly been a school friend of Jack Carleton's, who, an hour or two before the opening of this story, had fallen in with him on his return from a prolonged Continental tour, undertaken nominally for the benefit of his health, but more possibly to help to get rid of the large income left him by his father.

The young men grasped hands cordially enough when they recognized each other, and soon after adjourned to the lodgings of Morgan to have a talk over old times.

It was during this talk that Morgan confided to his friend his present mode of living, with strict injunctions to keep it a profound secret; "as of course you see, old fellow," said he, "it might prove my ruin if known."

"You were always a good-for-nothing scamp, Tom," said Jack.

"And you were always a lucky dog, Jack," returned Tom. "By the way, what are you going to do with yourself this Christmas?"

"Why to spend it in the jolliest style at the jolliest place in Christendom," replied Jack. "They have not seen me at Barby Holt for eight years, and I expect grandmother and the rest of them will go mad with joy when I make my sudden appearance there."

With this flattering conclusion Mr. Jack Carleton elevated his legs till his feet reposed on the mantel-piece.

"Barby Holt Manor, in Nottinghamshire?" inquired the Signor, suddenly.

"The very same, old boy," said his companion. "Why do you ask?"

"Only that I had a letter from there today," replied Tom.

"A letter! what about?" inquired Jack, with innocent coolness.

"Why, concerning my advertisement, of course," answered Tom, rummaging among some papers.

"Ah, one of my grandfather's guests, I suppose, in for a lark," said Jack. "What's his name?"

"It is not a man," replied Tom; "she signs herself 'Maggie Barton.'"

"Maggie Barton!" exclaimed Jack. "I know her—at least I did. May I read it?" he asked, eagerly.

It was a short letter, in a girlish handwriting, describing herself as tall and slight, with golden hair and hazel eyes, and requesting to be favored with a *carte de visite* of her future husband, by return of post, of course. Enclosed in the envelope was the fee of thirty stamps.

Carleton held the letter up before his eyes long after he had read it.

"Morgan," he said suddenly, "will you do me a favor?"

"Anything you like," replied the Signor, in a preoccupied tone.

Jack drew an envelope from his pocket, and, selecting one likeness of himself from about a dozen, he laid it on the table.

"Morgan," said he, "I want you to send this to Miss Barton, in answer to her application; and I mean it shall come true, old boy."

* * * * *

It was Christmas Eve, and Miss Maggie Barton was putting the last touches to her evening toilette for the forthcoming ball.

She had dismissed her maid, and, with her pretty head a little on one side, was trying the effect of a scarlet geranium among the ambrosial puffs of hair.

Presently the geranium was settled satisfactorily, and, with a quick movement, Maggie fastened the door, and drew from beneath a book cover a *carte de visite*, and the gentleman on the card was Mr. Jack Carleton. But, of course, Maggie did not know this.

"So this is my future husband, according to the astrologer," said Miss Barton. "The gipsy woman said I should marry a curate. Pshaw! What an idiot I am to have written such a fool's letter. I dare say I am duped along with many others. I wish I had not written. It is a good thing none of the girls know it. Of course I am a dupe, and I suppose the very existence of this piece of elegance is a myth. More fool I!"

With another look, she placed it between the pages of the book, and hastened down.

There were merry doings at Barby Holt that night. Squire Martin Barby, or Grandfather Barby, as the young people, children of his many sons and daughters, always called the old gentleman, and Lady Ursula, his high-bred, genial dame, always gathered a large circle round them at Christmas.

And where could you spend a jollier Christmas than at the Manor?—and who could make such mince pies and turkey stuffing as grandmother's old housekeeper at Barby?

The dancing was at its height; the holly and ivy quivered on the panels, and the oak floor was becoming more and more slippery; when, unannounced and with a powdering of snow on his cloak, a tall figure rushed among the dancers, seized the Squire's hand, and wrung it violently, fell on Dame Ursula's neck and gave her a hearty kiss before any one had time to think what the disturbance could be about.

But the Squire's eyes were keen, and after the first moment he returned the grasp with a hearty "God bless you, my boy! welcome home!" and "Welcome to Barby, grandson;" said the kindly voice of Dame Ursula, albeit some tears of joy shone in her soft eyes.

"Cousin Jack! Cousin Jack!" came from twenty mouths, and the favorite grandson threw aside his cloak, and flung away his hat, to shake hands with all the aunts and uncles, and many of the guests who remembered him.

And one of these guests, seated under the holly decorations of a great oak panel, leant her white, terror stricken face against the wood work, and pressed the slender gloved hand against a heart beating strangely fast.

"What can it mean!" she thought. "Why am I so struck at the appearance of an utter stranger!"

And yet it was not a stranger. The face of the favored grandson was the one whose image lay between the leaves of the book upstairs. Ah, Maggie, it is dangerous to have dealings with astrologers. Here was this girl, who had answered a mysterious advertisement for mere fun's sake, astonished and terrified beyond measure at what seemed the sudden realization of the astrologer's mute prophecy.

"What is the name of that young lady standing near the fire-place and talking to my grandmother?" he asked as soon as he got a chance.

"That's Miss Barton!"

Jack worked his way dexterously round the room, and by the time he was within ear shot of the young lady there was a cry to put out the light for snap-dragons; and while they went out with a whiff, a sharp spring placed him at her side.

"Miss Barton—Maggie—how do you do?"

There was a little glow from the fire, just enough for him to see the shiver his words caused. She raised her dark eyes, with a shade of displeasure overcoming her fear; but of course he could not see that, and he continued to murmur unintelligible nothings till, in common politeness, she was bound to murmur unintelligible nothings back again.

A few more sentences, and then, while the rest were pressing round the burning dish, Jack made a bold stroke.

"Do you know you owe me a kiss, Miss Barton?"

This in allusion to some old wager of their youth.

The experience of the last few hours had already reduced her to a state of mute resignation. Nothing he could say would much astonish her now, so to this remarkable question she only answered:

"Do I?"

"Do you? why yes, Maggie. Don't you remember Jack Carleton?"

"Are—you—Jack Carleton?" came from lips that were returning to their natural color.

"Yes, indeed!" he replied. "Am I so much altered?"—Perfect astonishment and silence.—"And you owe me a kiss," Jack continued; "you remember that, don't you, Maggie? I'm going to have it now."

Quick as thought an impromptu kiss was taken in the dark.

Well, by degrees Miss Barton became more reconciled to the existing state of things; so by the time the blue flame waxed dim, and the raisans were all consumed, it seemed the most natural thing in the world for Mr. Carleton to place her hand upon his arm and march her off to a quiet corridor for a chat.

What can't be cured must be endured. Here was this young gentleman—a stranger for years—taking the most complete possession of her, and all the time his likeness in the book upstairs as that of her future husband; so of course, when after about two golden hours, spent in each other's society, he requested the honor of her hand, what could she say but "yes;"—for was it not her fate as told by the stars by a wonderful astrologer? Of course she said yes.

Then they joined in the festivity as if nothing had happened out of the common.

He never had occasion to repent his action, for Maggie was the tenderest and sweetest of wives. But her secret was her secret forever.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

IMPRISONMENT AND GOOD HEALTH.—Confinement in a well kept prison is said to be beneficial to health. The records of the best English penitentiaries show that in prison chances of life are nearly double what they would be in freedom. Notwithstanding two-thirds of the inmates enter such institutions with disease in them, yet as a result of pure air, cleanliness and well-regulated diet, prisons are made seats of health.

CHANGE IN NAMES.—Certain names of common articles seem to lack meaning, and how some of the inappropriate appellations were derived is a mystery. Many wonder what meaning there is in the words "horse-chestnut" and "horse-radish." The original English words, however, were "harsh-chestnut" and "harsh-radish," but the prefix "harsh" was translated "horse" into French and Swedish, whence the common error is believed to have been derived.

CATCHING ANTS.—In New Mexico the following method of catching ants is both popular and efficacious. A few large champagne bottles are buried in the ground, near the entrance to the nest, till their tops are flush with the ground. Every ant going to or coming from the colony will at once walk up, peep over, and then drop in. When he gets to the bottom, he finds himself in the middle of a free fight, in which legs and antennæ are chawed off with alarming recklessness. Two or three days suffice to accumulate half-a-dozen quarts of ants, and completely exterminate the colony.

GAMBLING IN CHINA.—A correspondent writes:—The Chinese are passionately addicted to gambling. The respectable merchant, who devotes the hours of daylight assiduously to his business, sparing no labor in adjusting trifling items of account will win or lose thousands of dollars over night with the greatest complacency. Every grade of society is imbued with the passion. I have amused myself with watching the coolie in the streets gambling for their dinner. The itinerant cooks carry with them, as part of the wonderful epitome of a culinary establishment, with which they perambulate the streets, a cylinder of bamboo, containing a number of sticks, on which are inscribed certain characters. These mystic symbols are shaken up in the tubs, the candidates for a dumpling draws one, and according to the writing found on it so does he pay for his repast. So attractive is gambling in any form to the Chinese, that coolies will generally prefer to risk paying double for the remote chance of getting a meal for nothing.

A CASE OF QUICKENED CONSCIENCE.—A remarkable case of death from remorse for a deed of exceptional cruelty to animals is reported from Denmark. A family well known in Copenhagen had long been in the habit of passing their Sundays in one of the parks near the city, taking with them a son seven years old. A few Sundays ago the little fellow unnoticed by his parents, discovered an unusually large toad, and amused himself by torturing it in various ways, finally plunging a sharp stick through its body and so fastening it to the ground. The next Sunday the family again visited the park and the boy, remembering his sport of the previous week went in search of more toads. He found the animal he had so cruelly used still pinned to the ground, and still alive. As he approached, the poor thing looked at him, its immense eyes distended with pain and suffering. The child was terror-stricken at the sight, and ran crying to his mother, to tell her what he had done. He was taken home in a great state of excitement and put to bed, where he remained for three days in a burning fever, which ended in his death. Just before he died he declared that wherever he looked he saw the pleading eyes of the poor toad and begged to have it taken away.

The single state is no diminution of the beauties and utilities of the female character; on the contrary, our present life would lose many of its comforts, and much, likewise, of what is absolutely essential to the well-being of every part of society, and even of the private home, without the unmarried female. The single woman is as important an element of social and private happiness as the married woman. The utilities of each are different; but it is vulgar nonsense, unworthy of manly feeling and discreditable to every just one, to depreciate the unmarried condition.

SUCCESSFUL STOCK OPERATIONS.

There is much talk about stock operations and the rapid fortunes that are amassed by them, but very few people understand just how it is done. Messrs. Lawrence & Co., Bankers, 57 Exchange Place, N.Y. City, have published full details of the new Combination Method of operating in stocks, which is wonderfully successful. By pooling the orders of thousands of customers into one immense sum and operating them as a whole, each patron is placed on an equality with the largest operator, and vast profits are divided pro rata among shareholders every 30 days. $25 makes $100, or 4 per cent. on the stock in the month; $100 makes $750, or 7 1-2 per cent.; $250 makes $1,500, and various profits according to the movements of stocks. Safety and success are the distinguishing features of the system. S.Y. Sanger, of San Francisco, Cal., writes: "I have never made so much money in the same time as I have by your Combination System." The new circular (copyrighted and sent free) explains all details. All kinds of stocks and bonds wanted. New Government Loan supplied. Best References. Address Lawrence & Co., Bankers, 57 Exchange Place, N. Y. City.

In this issue of to-day's paper will be found a large advertisement of Daniel F. Beatty, the great piano and organ man of Washington, N. J. This is the first gun from Mr. Beatty since his return from an extensive tour through Europe, and as usual it is aimed direct at high prices. There is no manufactured article except perhaps sewing machines, that there has been anything like the reduction on that there has been for the past few years on musical instruments, and the fact is largely due to Mr. Beatty. His aim has always been to manufacture the best piano and organ that could be made, and then sell them for the least possible price. The result has been the rapid building up of one of the largest trades on the continent. His sales, notwithstanding the hard times, are simply enormous. It will be noticed that he to-day offers one of his handsomest styles of organs at a still greater reduction. Attention is urgently called to the advertisement as a reduction from his very low prices is not to be disregarded at this time, particularly when the offer comes from a house having a world-wide reputation for honest, square dealing.

R. R. R.

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Looseness, Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, or painful discharges from the bowels are stopped in fifteen or twenty minutes by taking Radway's Ready Relief. No congestion or inflammation, no weakness or lassitude, will follow the use of the R. R. Relief.

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For headache, whether sick or nervous; rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine or kidneys; pains around the liver, pleurisy, swellings of the joints, pains in the bowels, heartburn and pains of all kinds, Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days will effect a permanent cure. Price, 50 cents.

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Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure. Price 25 cents per box.

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THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER,
FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASE, SCROFULA OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS,
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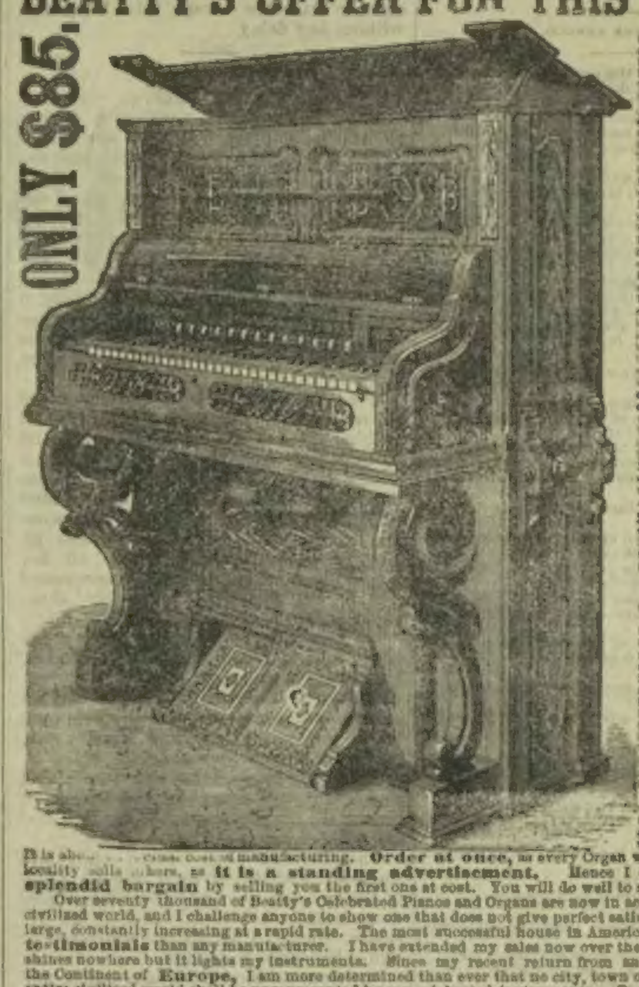

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FAREWELL.

BY GEORGE ARNOLD.

O gentlest season of the changing year,
Though thy bright days are past,
Our hearts will ever hold thy memory dear,
So long as memories last;
Gladly each year we see thy pageant glow
Through amber days, with air like hydromel,
And now we sigh in whispers sad and slow,
"Farewell, farewell!"

Through the dim vista of the forest nook
Fall bars of shade and shine,
And o'er the shimmering ripples of the brook
Swings the clematis vine;
The breeze comes faintly from the far-off sea
To linger in the leafy inland dell,
And sings October's dreamy melody,
"Farewell, farewell!"

The withered meadow grasses white and brown
Gleam in the autumn air,
Where shining stars of silver cotton down
Go sailing here and there;
Decadence sits upon the fading earth—
Her flowers have felt the touch of Azrael:
To blooming sights and chirping sounds of mirth,
Farewell, farewell!

The day declines, and cloudy phantoms drift
About the distant West,
Where many a purple peak and golden rift
Welcome the sun to rest:
As goes this happy day the season goes,
Its dying murmurs chant the autumn's knell,
The solemn requiem of the earth's repose—
Farewell, farewell!

Fade gently, gently in the western sky,
O fair October day!
Let rustling winds give back the parting sigh
Of winds that die away!
Let the broad sunlight deepen into shade,
Let the kine homeward sound the tinkling bell:
To all thy glories that in twilight fade,
Farewell, farewell!

The twittering birds may seek their hidden homes
In the dark cedar tree,
And hived bees in honey-laden combs
Hum low and lazily:
O'er the wide landscape falls the shadowy night,
On field and hill and blue horizon's swell,
The sun gives forth his last expiring light—
Farewell, farewell!

MABEL'S VICTORY;

—OR—

The Cost of a Will.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NEMESIS," "GLORY WINS," ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.—[CONTINUED.]

"But you surely don't believe it now?" Mabel said, with a light laugh. "I can't fancy any one in their senses believing in ghosts in these matter-of-fact days."

"But if you were to see one, what then?"

"If I were thoroughly convinced that it was a ghost I should probably faint away, and be a firm believer for the rest of my natural life," said Mabel, laughing again; "but I am not likely to see one. I hope you have not had that experience, Mr. Bellairs."

"I don't know," Bellairs replied. "I've either seen a ghost or had the most awful dream, I don't know which. I don't think it was a dream, and I shall never forget it to my dying day."

Something in the expression of Mabel's face caught her father's eye, and he gave his host's foot a touch under the table. He had already heard the story, and it suddenly struck him that it might be advisable to conceal the details from her, at least for the present.

But Bellairs was too full of his recent fright to keep silence, and he went on.

"It was the awfulest thing, Miss Leslie," he said. "I don't remember the first part of the night, so I suppose I must have been asleep; but afterwards I was looking through some papers, and——"

"Dear me, Mr. Bellairs, do you get up in the night to do that?" asked Mabel, innocently, and staring straight at him with a look of surprise.

"Well, yes, sometimes. I don't always sleep very well now. It's an anxious time for me, and I've always a fear that something or other will be overlooked. I've a lot of things to destroy in the way of old letters, and I'd a bundle of them in my hand when, as I'm a living man, there stood Mrs. Dallas straight before me."

"Good gracious, Mr. Bellairs, you don't say so!"

Again the Colonel looked at his daughter, and knit his brows with a perplexed look. He had heard all about Arthur Dallas's suspicion and search, and had come to a pretty correct conclusion as to what the master of the house had lost.

"Fool that he was not to burn it," he muttered, looking at the miserable man, whose face was white and damp even now, with only the memory of his vision.

"She was there," Bellairs went on, "just as I saw her in her grave clothes, only her eyes were open and she was looking me in the face.

"'Give that to me,' she said, and took hold of it, and her fingers touched mine, icy cold and clammy.

"I didn't let go easy, but the strength of ten men couldn't have held out against her, and it went out of my hands into hers. Then she vanished, and I don't know any more. When I came to myself I was sitting in my chair with all my papers out of the desk in my room scattered about on the floor."

"I hope you didn't lose anything of any consequence, Mr. Bellairs," Mabel said, when he had finished his story. "It might be difficult to get anything back from a ghost."

"Ah, you may laugh, miss, but it is true. It has made me quite ill. I wouldn't see it again for all the worth of Whitelaidies. It wasn't of consequence, of course. It was only a bundle of old letters, but it was the fright."

An hour afterwards, Mabel, in passing by the open window of the breakfast parlor, heard her own name mentioned, and stopped a moment to listen. It was her father who was speaking.

"Yes, Mabel," she heard him say. "I know every trick of her face, and whatever you have lost, or however the thing came about, she has it in her possession."

"No, no!" gasped the miserable man, "it cannot be."

"It is, I tell you!"

"She must give it up then. It is mine. Get it away from her, Leslie. I'll make a rich man of you if you only get that packet back. It ought to have been burnt long ago. Don't let her go out of the house till you have got it."

"I don't mean to. But be quiet if you want to succeed. I know well enough what it is you have lost. I have heard all about the missing letter, and so, I suspect, has Mabel. Do nothing to betray your anxiety, and I will get it back for you. If she knows anything about it, it will be easy enough. And she shall tell me by what jugglery she got it, too," he added, in a tone that made Mabel shiver, and resolve to make her escape into Kingcolm without any delay.

CHAPTER XIV.

"HIS BRIDE AND HIS DARLING TO BE."

Mabel had a difficult time of it during the rest of that day. Neither her father or her host said anything to her, but she could feel that she was watched. Every time she emerged from her own room she found either the Colonel or James Bellairs by her side. Twice she essayed to go out for a walk, and each time she was met and accompanied, so that she could not get away. She must try stratagem, it was clear, and that before bedtime came again, for she was terrified beyond measure lest violence might be attempted upon her.

If her father really knew the contents of the packet she was sure he would stop at nothing short of actually killing her, and if Bellairs was convinced it was in her possession she was by no means sanguine that he would stop at that. She waited till dusk in such an agony of suspense and fear as made outward calmness almost impossible, and tried with all her might to eat her dinner in an unconcerned fashion, that they might leave her alone afterwards.

"Where are you going, Mab?" her father asked, when she left the table. "We want some music, mind."

"You shall have it. I give you half an hour, mind, not more," and she held up a warning finger at them, and went away, humming her last new song.

They little guessed the sick terror that was making her heart beat and her cheek blanch till the place seemed to reel and swim about her as she went.

The drawing room looked chill and shadowy, and she felt as if one or other of the two men she had left in the dining room must be hidden in some of its recesses, ready to spring out and deprive her of her precious charge.

She steadied herself for a moment, and stood still to listen. No! They were talking and laughing somewhat loudly, as though the wine were already passing freely. If she could only throw them off their guard. She might venture now; and she went to the piano and opened it with some noise. Then she sat down and played a brilliant noisy fantasia, and then selected the liveliest and merriest song she could find. The notes penetrated to the dining room, and made Mr. Bellairs look up from his wine and listen.

"She's got a rare voice, that girl of yours," he said to the Colonel, who writhed under his familiarity, but had to submit to it by reason of sundry I O U's and various documents of that sort, to say nothing of the prospects for the future.

"Yes, Mabel's gift of music is a rare one," was the somewhat dignified reply.

"I wonder you never turned it to some account!"

"Sir!"

"Oh, no offence, I'm sure; but many a lady has been proud to turn her talents to account; and Miss Leslie's beauty would make its mark on the operatic stage."

"I don't like jesting on such subjects," Colonel Leslie said, haughtily. "Miss Leslie will never need to humiliate herself in any such fashion."

"No, I daresay. I only wondered that it had never occurred to you to make money by her. She'll be a fortune to you, with a little training. Hark at that!"

The full, clear young voice was ringing through the house, as if its owner were light of heart and free from all care, and the two men almost began to think they must have been mistaken.

"I don't believe she's got the thing," Bellairs said. "She's been as light-hearted and merry as a cricket all day. She's a pretty creature. Hang me if it wasn't for that cursed clause in the will I'd make her Mrs. Bellairs. She should have Whiteladies and its master, and that young prig yonder might go and be hanged!"

A stronger expletive was on Mr. Bellairs' lips, but he checked himself just in time. He was very ambitious to be considered "genteel," and amused his guest not a little by his efforts in that direction.

He was getting tipsy, or he would hardly have made such a speech; but the Colonel only laughed.

"And send Mrs. P., to the rightabout," he said. "That would be awkward, would it not?"

"Mrs. Pincher might go to the devil," Bellairs said, coarsely.

"You would find her an ugly customer to deal with, I am afraid, if you tried any nonsense with her. A woman scorned and cast aside for another is apt to be very mischievous. It is well for you perhaps that Mrs. Dallas did secure your remaining a bachelor. She seemed to know you pretty well!"

"How?"

"She evidently knew that your love would not outweigh your fondness for money. It was very unkind to your affianced wife, though!"

"Bah! Let us talk of something else. Mrs. Pincher won't hurt. I've done as well by her as a man can be expected to do by a woman. I'm not going to let her want for anything if I know it!"

"No; it might be dangerous," the Colonel said, and then adroitly turned the conversation to something else, and they were presently deep in a discussion about the future, and had no idea the music had ceased and Mabel had left the drawing room.

"I think I may try now," she said to herself, finding their voices did not cease with the cessation of her music. "I'll try!"

She opened the door and went noiselessly into the hall, glancing at the big front door as she passed.

To her dismay she saw the bright steel chain was up, and a heavy bolt just out of her reach—even if she stood on tiptoe—drawn also.

Mr. Bellairs had done this himself on the Colonel's hint as to the advisability of not letting Mabel go out alone. He was vulgar enough to have resorted to open force to keep her indoors, had he caught her attempting to go out alone.

"What shall I do?" she said to herself. "I never could loose that bolt without getting a chair. I must get out of the back somehow, and trust to chance about finding my way. Oh, Arthur darling, if you were only here to help me!"

She went softly upstairs, and gained her own room unseen, shivering a little as she entered its semi-darkness—for the gas was very low—as she thought of her last night's visitor. She went very gently—for the drawing room was below her—to her wardrobe and took out a large, dark coat.

"How fortunate I knew where to find it," she murmured, hastily tucking up the pretty light silk she wore and covering herself from head to foot. "Now my traveling hat—ah, here it is!"

She drew a soft felt hat with a veil tied round it out of a corner, and put it on without turning up the light or going to the glass. If they came to seek her she would get into the wardrobe, she thought, and shut the door, and trust to fate their not finding her.

But no such *contretemps* occurred, and she left her room as noiselessly as she had entered it. At the door she came suddenly upon another person entering, and had very nearly spoiled everything by shrieking aloud in the unnatural tension of her nerves. The intruder was no less alarmed; but Mabel recognized her at once and stopped her outcry.

It was Jane, the housemaid, who attended on her—a fresh-looking, neat girl, to whom she had already taken quite a fancy.

"Oh, Jane!" she gasped; "is it you?"

"How you frightened me!"

"How you frightened me too, miss," the girl replied, staring at her. "I thought it was the ghost!"

"No, I am no ghost," Mabel replied. "I only came for my hat!"

"Are you going out, miss?"

"Yes!"

"By yourself?"

"Yes! Why?"

"Because, miss," said Jane, hesitating, "John—that's the footman, you know—came downstairs just now and said that master had ordered him to fasten the front door, and then go right down to the lodge and order Howson to keep the gate locked. I don't know what he means by that."

"I do," said Mabel. "He wants to keep me in!"

"You, miss?"

"Yes!"

"But what has he got to do with you?"

"He fancies he has a great deal. Jane, I must go out at once—I must see Mr. Montagu. Will you help me? I don't know any way out except through the front door. Show me the way round, and don't betray me, there's a good girl."

"That I won't, miss," said Jane, who did not believe that Mabel was going to see Mr. Montagu, but had, as she expressed it, "smelt a rat" as to how affairs stood between the young lady and Arthur Dallas. "I'll take you right down to the side door, and none shall know you are gone till you are clear off."

Piloted by Jane, Mabel went softly down the back stairs, and out at a little side door, not much used since Mrs. Dallas took her feeble walks into the little garden it opened into.

"Turn sharp round to the right, miss," Jane whispered. "That path will take you straight into the avenue, out of sight of this side of the house. Old Howson will open the gate if you give him something. Thank you, miss! I'm sure I didn't want paying for anything I do for you!"

Mabel had pressed some money into her hand, and flitted out of sight before she had done speaking.

She was halfway down the avenue, scudding along like a frightened deer, before she recollected that she had given Jane every coin in her purse. The rest of her little store of money was in her writing desk, locked up in a drawer in her bedroom. She could not go back. She must just trust to chance, and give Howson the rings off her fingers if need be, so she got through the gate before she was caught.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A BEEFSTEAK DUEL.—The Paris papers are telling a story of a beefsteak duel—of course it is an Englishman who is the challenger, and the Frenchman is induced to go through the ordeal by the Englishman's temptation of the offer of points—that is, he undertakes to eat ten steaks, and then start fair. Eating begins for $1,000 a side, and as usual, Mr. Frenchman leads off so voraciously that he is done up at the eighth beefsteak, but the Englishman goes on to the twenty-second, and only stops when, on calling for more, he is told that he has swallowed all in the house, and he must wait until another bullock is killed for him. In order to show the substantial character of the gorge, it is carefully noted that the steaks weighed half a pound each.

ELKS IN HARNESS.—A Western paper describes the performance of a span of elk deer recently on exhibition. Their names are Dexter and Dasher; weight of each, about 500 lbs. They are two years old, well broken to harness, and the owner says they are so well trained that a woman can drive them. They were captured in Dakota when four or five days old. It is an easy matter for them to travel sixteen miles an hour and have two men and a buggy, and it is said they can travel one hundred miles as easy as a horse team can fifty. This being true, these animals must be worth domesticating.

ORIGIN OF THE BALLOT.—The origin of electing by ballot may be traced to the ancient Greeks. When a member was to be elected every voter threw a little pellet of bran or crumb of bread in the basket, carried by a servant around the table, and whoever dissented flattened their pellets on one side.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Fashion Notes, Queries and Fireside Chat.

Although autumn days bring to us the melancholy season of the year," the sad thoughts of the "decay of the leaf" are soon lost midst the more important suggestions made by the decay in one's wardrobe. The gay, fashionable world is homeward bound from sea and mountains, and while many return freighted with treasures of pleasure, and wrecks are brought back of the costly array with which Summer wanderings were begun.

The shimmering silk or satin, now faded and lustreless; the delicate gauze or dainty lawn, all so suggestive of Summer pleasures, of heart aches or joys, of some conquest or loss, now speak only of their fading decay and things that are past.

Some of the once elaborate costumes are carefully shaken and reserved for some wonderful metamorphosis, while others are ruthlessly rolled up and discarded into oblivion. But midst this general summing up of Summer losses and gains, this critical inspection of the wreck and careful calculations of the future, comes the brightening anticipation of fresh wanderings through Fashion's dominions, and the feast to which her votaries are bidden.

If one listens, there is a pleasant melody borne on the breeze, in which we catch the words:

The splendor falls
On cloaks and shawls,
And costly goods in every story!
The sunlight breaks
Its brilliant flecks
On "Opening Day" in all its glory.

Under the inspiring influence of such an announcement let us follow the footsteps of the throng we see wending their way through the entrance of the Grand Depot, where Mr. Wanamaker exhibits his autumnal display of imported costumes, as well as those of his own establishment.

Without pausing to admire the immense space before us filled with everything one needs in dress, as well as household, we will proceed to the costume department, where I will try to portray for my readers some of the leading features of the exquisite display, by which they will learn something of the types of the latest fashions, and glean some useful hints for their own guidance.

"What an exquisite costume!" I hear some one say, and on turning to see for myself, I find myself almost at a loss for words of description.

The materials are of satin and ribbed velvet, of the new shade called "Thiers red," and forms a reception costume, in which the long trained skirt of satin is pleated in deep pleats in spaces; the ribbed velvet forms the corsage and front drapery all in one in front; on the left side it is cut square across, half way down the skirt, on the right it extends down in a double pointed drapery, caught high on the side and brought towards the back in a long unlooped drapery, with satin revers, open up the centre, and trimmed with a narrow pleating of satin, and a chenille and moss fringe of the same shade on the bottom, which also trimmed the front drapery; the sleeves were peculiarly unique, being pleated in spaces across the upper part all the way down, and satin and velvet cuffs.

A very rich costume, of a deep prune color, and of a material called Levantine satin (dear in the memory of our grandmothers), attracted much attention. This was made also with a long square trained skirt, on the edge of which was a narrow knife pleating, headed by a pleating, forming a double heading. The drapery was arranged across the front in wide upright folds or tucks, trimmed with a rich chenille and pressed whale bone fringe. A wing-like panier extended over the hips towards the back, where it was fastened by a large bow, from underneath which the drapery extended in a Watteau pleat down over the train, and edged by a narrow knife pleating. The basque corsage, which extended down under the drapery, was trimmed on the front with a small pleated scarf, with plain revers each side.

A very distinguished costume, around which many lingered, was of plain and embossed black velvet, made with a long train formed of alternate pleats of the plain and embroidered velvet; in the front a wide box-pleated ruffle trimmed the skirt. Full scarfs of the embossed velvet, edged by a rich jet and silk tassel fringe, were crossed and recrossed on the front, fastened by satin bows here and there. At the sides were full paniers caught down towards the back by long, straight panels of plain velvet, studded with jet grelots; and on the sides towards the back a satin pleating on the edge. The corsage was in basque shape in front, edged by the fringe; in the back it was in one with the drapery, which was pleated down over the train in three large satin bows.

Much admiration was expressed for a costume of Bordeaux velvet and silk brocade, in which the princesse style was carried out. Three wide box-pleated flounces of velvet trimmed the front of the skirt, which extended in a long square train formed of large box pleats of the velvet.

The corsage opened at the neck and below the waist, over a plastron of velvet, the drapery falling in shawl like points on each side. On the left side the brocade point fell over the velvet. These pointed scarfs were caught together slightly on one side by a cascade of narrow satin loops; a rich silk and chenille tassel fringe trimming each scarf, which were brought towards the back, where they were gracefully looped, one over the other, and edged with fringe, and falling over the train in shawl-like points.

An elegant Worth costume of bronze-brown silk and striped satin and silk of the same shade, gathered a crowd of admirers by its unique and indescribable style, which seemed to baffle one's attempts at description. The whole front of the dress was composed of narrow stripe of the plain silk sewed together with pipings of the striped silk, terminating in a box-pleated flounce on the bottom, and on the end of each piping a tiny satin bow and rainbow-jet tassel. The box pleated flounce extending around on the train. A scarf of the striped silk edged by a jet and silk fringe, was draped diagonally across the front, caught up on the left side by a double piece of plain silk made in a style similar to the skirt; the scarf extends towards the back, where it forms a double shawl drapery, and trimmed with fringe, bows of the plain and striped silk fastening down the drapery on one side instead of the fringe. Basque corsage of the striped silk, made with long square tabs in the back, edged with fringe, a bow on each. In front, the striped silk crosses in shawl shape from the shoulders over a plain silk front, and fastens under a wide pleated silk belt, which came from the side seams only. So unique and distinguished was this costume it held many of the visitors entranced and bewildered.

Another very distinguished princesse costume was composed of black satin and embossed velvet, a wide trimming of alternate box pleatings of satin and embossed velvet on the bottom, over which fell large Van Dyke points of satin, the long square train formed of large box pleats of the velvet and satin. The drapery of velvet and satin scarfs crossing in front at right angles, was trimmed with a rich jet and pressed silk fringe. A full bouffant drapery of satin and velvet in the back fell over the train in shawl points. Quillings of lace and satin bows on the corsage and sleeves.

A very elegant costume of black silk and satin brocade illustrated the new style of curtain drapery. Narrow knife pleatings of satin and silk trimmed the edge of the skirt in front, over which in a full tablier of silk edged with jet and silk fringe, drawn towards the sides and underneath two long scarfs of brocade, which were arranged in curtain style, extending from the waist to the edge of the skirt, and fastened back by satin bows; on the sides towards the back were a succession of wide upright folds of silk edged with the fringe; plain panels of the brocade extended down the back each side of the drapery, which was pleated down and held by satin bows, the ends of the drapery turned back with plain satin revers and falling over the square train, turned up each side with plain satin revers, edged with pleating. Basque corsage of the satin brocade, with long square coat tails trimmed with plain satin revers. Plain silk sleeves and brocade cuffs and satin pleatings.

The admirers of black silk and velvet costumes seemed delighted with the following style made with a narrow box pleating of velvet and a narrow silk ruffle gusged in spaces with tabs of velvet buttoned down between.

Three full scarfs of black velvet, each trimmed with tassel fringe, were draped across the front, and large satin and gros grain bows down the centre. From each side of the front from the waist are draped two wide scarfs of silk, with a wide band of velvet and pleating on the edge, and drawn towards the back and caught over the train by satin bows. The basque corsage was slashed up on the sides and back, forming square tabs of unequal length, each one edged with fringe and velvet. A satin ribbon fastened on each side was drawn back through the openings and tied in a bow in the back.

This was one of the many choice productions of Mr. Wanamaker's costume department, and, with others, was a substantial proof of the taste and skill exercised over it.

I may add to this list a black satin and silk costume of tasteful design.

On the front of the skirt were two wide kilt pleatings of silk, each trimmed with a satin fold. Drapery of silk folds across the front, down the centre of which was a V shape trimming of alternate folds of satin and silk, on the point of which was a jet ornament; the whole edged with a rich passementerie with jet pendants. The drapery of silk, trimmed with a wide satin fold, was arranged in a bouffant style, the ends falling in shawl points over the train, which had simply a narrow pleating of satin. Basque corsage trimmed with a wide satin fold and bow in the back, and quillings of lace and jet up the front.

Another elegant production from the same source was a costume of garnet silk and velvet; on the bottom of the skirt was a box pleated flounce of velvet and a gaged silk ruffle above. Two wide pleated scarfs, each trimmed with a band of velvet and a chenille fringe, were draped across the front. A full panier of velvet in the back was caught up by a bow, and below the scarfs were gracefully intertwined and trimmed with revers of velvet. The basque corsage was slashed in a style similar to one previously mentioned, a pleating of the silk forming a revers in front was banded across with satin ribbon tied in bows.

Among the other very stylish costumes of their own creation was one of metallic blue silk in princesse style; the drapery in front, cut in Van Dyke points, showing a satin underskirt of the same shape, the points caught together by satin bows. A panier drapery in the back, caught up by a satin bow, and two square scarfs below faced with satin; a wide tassel fringe trimmed the front and the sash ends in the back. The same style of points carried out in the corsage.

I must not omit a costume of seal brown silk and velvet. A triple knife pleating of silk edging the skirt; a plain silk tablier edged with velvet and tassel fringe. Wide silk panels were buttoned on the sides the entire length of the skirt. A double panier of silk in the back was caught up by velvet bows. The basque corsage trimmed in box plaits on the back, and turned back in front with velvet revers, showing a silk vest and a long velvet vest underneath, the latter trimmed with fringe.

There were also many other stylish costumes of silk combined with woolen materials, which my space forbids description in generalities, but the taste displayed in their make and trimming elicited much admiration from the visitors.

I must not forget to mention the charmingly attractive princesse wrappers, veritable typifications of comfort, made of quilted satin and lined with silk or satin of a different color. One of garnet was lined with pale blue; another of marine blue was lined with cream tinted satin, a thick cord and tassels encircled the waist. What a perfection of a wrapper for an invalid, indeed for anyone! The prices were $45 each.

Leaving the costume department with half a regret at concluding an inspection of such artistic productions, I turned to the cloaks, where, midst the crowd who were trying on and examining the immense display, I gleaned the following:

That cloaks will be large and ample in size, and the half-fitting dolman with square sleeves will be worn, one can quickly tell; but first let me speak of one novelty which seemed quite astonishing. Let my readers imagine two stylish cloaks in one and it will convey to them the picture of the new "reversible cloak." On one side we find a handsome black matelasse beaver, with large buttons, silk color, cuffs, pockets, and revers, half fitting in shape; turn it, and one has a handsome cloak of gray chinchilla beaver, with effective buttons, the seams piped with black silk, and the cuffs, collar revers, and pockets of black velvet, and only $45 for this combination.

The most noticeable materials for cloaks are corduroy silk and cloth, Angora beaver, which is of a warm, heavy texture, with a fleecy surface, making it admirably adapted for Winter wear.

The trimmings are of silk, passamenterie, and the popular pressed-whalebone fringe. Many of the cloaks are bordered by bands of striped or plain watered silk, which is an additional proof of the popularity of watered silk as a trimming not only for cloaks, but dresses.

Conspicuous among the immense exhibit of cloaks and mantles were several of very stylish make of heavy silk corduroy, made with half-fitting back in dolman shape, square fronts, and square sleeves formed by the side pieces. One of this shape especially attractive was trimmed with a wide band of striped watered silk, and a full pressed silk fringe on the edge.

A very comfortable Winter cloak of Angora beaver was made quite long, with half-fitting back, trimmed with velvet and passamenterie down the centre. Large sleeves, formed by pieces beginning at the side seams of the back, and extending in front, forming a deep triple mantle, each edged with pressed fringe.

Another cloak of this material was similar in shape, with large loose sleeves; a simulated hood of black silk trimmed the back; wide silk revers down the fronts were ornamented with velvet pointed tabs fastened by buttons; a pressed silk fringe trimmed the bottom all around.

A rich effect was produced on a cloak by a trimming of silk revers bordered by a full ruche of pressed fringe, simulating feather trimming.

A square shaped dolman of diagonal cloth, the sides forming square sleeves, was very effectively trimmed with a pressed fringe and ruche similar to the preceding one; the fronts were cut in square tabs and piped with satin, and caught together by satin ribbon passing through large button holes.

A distinguished looking cloak was composed of corduroy beaver trimmed with a wide fold of striped satin and tassel fringe; the striped satin formed wide revers and a collar, and bordered the sleeves, which extending from the side seams formed long double fronts.

To these I may add a handsome shawl-shaped dolman of camel's hair cloth and silk corduroy. The back was of the camel's hair, with a pointed simulated hood of the silk; the double fronts were of the silk and camel's hair, the latter forming the upper parts and sleeves. A full pressed silk fringe trimmed the edge of the cloak.

I must not omit an allusion to the immense supply of moderate priced cloaks which seemed to attract a large number of purchasers.

These are made of thick beaver or fancy matelasse cloth, and tastefully trimmed with velvet or silk, forming cuffs, pockets and collar, finished by large buttons, the prices ranging from $6 up to $20. Others of simpler and cheaper material were marked as low as $3 each.

Added to this list were sacques and mantles lined with fur, and a variety of cloth circulars, at $15 each.

With so complete an assortment, one would find no difficulty in satisfying the most fastidious taste, as well as the most limited or unlimited purse.

In conclusion, I cannot omit congratulating Mr. Wanamaker on the varied and well selected supply of costumes and cloaks which he has prepared to meet the various demands of the Fall and Winter season.

Owing to the length of our description of the latest styles in costumes and cloaks, we are compelled to omit our usual "Fireside Chat," which will discuss next week several interesting topics.

ANSWERS TO ALL INQUIRERS.

H. G. G. (Oxford, Nebraska.)—We really do not know.

BEATY (Olber River, Mass.)—The daughter is the next of kin.

R. C. (Anderson, Kans.)—We do not see that you have any redress.

HENRY (Norristown, Pa.)—Your handwriting is not good enough for the situation of a railway clerk.

READER (Potter, Pa.)—A foreclosure is the deprivation of the right of redeeming a mortgaged estate.

J. A. H. (Phila., Pa.)—We cannot understand your question, nor to what newspaper you are referring.

CONSTANT (Phila., Pa.)—Unless you are a proficient in the French language it is hopeless to expect employment in Paris.

SUBSCRIBER (Johnson, Ark.)—You must wash your hands in a solution of club-moss and water, to prevent excessive perspiration.

Y. X. (Ozark, Mo.)—The husband should be older than the wife; but circumstances alter cases, and in affairs of the heart, preciousness has little chance in a contest with passion.

JOHN (Panola, Ill.)—She probably cares nothing for you now, but if you go ahead and make love to her she may take an interest you. Still she is a little young, unless you are a lively man for 42.

GALEN (Phila, Pa.)—Operating for strabismus or squinting is not always advisable, unless the affection is caused by muscular contraction or distention only, or unless the sight is greatly impaired by it.

STIRLING (New York, N. Y.)—An order of admission to the English House of Commons to hear the debates is obtained from a member of Parliament. Nothing of the kind is necessary in our Congress.

M. W. (Bedford, Va.)—You should write to your absent lover and tell him all about the changes in your parents' circumstances, and explain how you are now situated, and leave him to do as he may think best.

PLAYER (Sanilac, Mich.)—When you have moved a pawn across the board, and won a piece of greater value, that piece can be taken immediately, say by a castle on the same row, and has not the privilege of being moved once.

JORUM (New York.)—Malt liquor was made and drank by the Egyptians during the rule of the Pharaohs. The aborigines of Britain used an infusion of barley as their ordinary drink. All the nations of the world have some form or other of intoxicating drink.

ELIZA W. (Gibson, Ind.)—You have evidently played the coquette to an extent which has disgusted your lover; and now you are smarting at his coldness. We do not like to say anything harsh to a lady; but really you have only yourself to thank for your present griefs.

WILL. U. SMYLE (Garland, Ala.)—To make the ink and sell it under the circumstances you speak of would not subject you to the operation of the revenue laws. If you can make a good article at the price we think it would pay you well to manufacture it.

R. M. (Harrisburg, Pa.)—The mere proffer of a nosegay and the dancing three or four times with you should not lead you to rush at the idea that the swain is enamoured. Wait till his attentions become unmistakably pointed, before you give way to such serious deliberations.

Y. R. EMERSON (Phila., Pa.)—A person cannot "turn another" as he can turn to the general resources of the decayed and insolvent adventurer. We would advise you to adopt another occupation, because the style of your letter does not justify us in holding you out much hope in a literary sphere.

KATHLEEN (Lowndes, Ga.)—Vows of the sort are better broken than kept. They ought never to be made. The fault was in making the vow. The prince of talking oaths and giving pledges to do, or refrain from doing, what is not in its nature a bounden duty, is one fraught with much mischief to mind and heart.

D. D. (Grundy, Iowa.)—The fact that a husband is cross to his wife, and does not care anything for her, or that a wife is cross to her husband and cares nothing for him, is not a sufficient reason for either one leaving the other and breaking up the family. The marriage relation is not to be shuffled off upon any trivial reason.

B. V. (Llano)—We would not advise anyone, whatever merit he or she possessed, to take to the stage as a means of obtaining a livelihood. The popular Grains in this country is of a peculiar character just now, and it is only talent of a certain description that will find employment. Besides it is overstocked with that kind even.

BLANCH (Portage, Ohio.)—If a man enlists in the army of the United States, has his name regularly recorded as a soldier, receives his bounty money, &c., and is not heard of afterwards, he is considered in the eye of the law a deserter, or an embezzler of the funds of the American government, and if caught can be punished accordingly.

P. J. (Phila., Pa.)—You acknowledge that you commenced the quarrel; and yet you complain of "the way in which he has taken the matter up." It is for you to make an overture of conciliation; and if he be generous he will not mortify nor humiliate you by a rebuff, but will at once consent to "make it up." The incident ought, however, to be a lesson for you in the future.

CHRISTINE (Metcalfe, Ky.)—"Thunderbolts" are simply huge sparks, or concentrations of what for want of a better name is termed "electric fluid." When lightning strikes an object it is common in some parts to say a "thunderbolt has fallen. What are sometimes called "meteorites" or "aerolites" are condensed metallic formations, probably attracted by electric forces from metals disseminated in the form of vapor or gas.

A. B. M. (New Brunswick, Can.)—The name is doubtless a remnant of one of the old Indian languages, of which it is too late at this day to give the meaning if it has any. If it is applied to a river, creek, hill, rock or natural object of any character, you may take it for granted, that it refers to some prominent or the most prominent feature of the spot, this being the almost unfailing characteristic of the names given by the aborigines.

ETTIE (York, Me.)—Did it never occur to you that it must in the nature of things be degrading to a young lady to love a lover who is false to her to "distraction." No human being should ever sink so low as that. When a girl in such a case loves a perfidious man to distraction, she will be apt in a short time to love him to her destruction. A person, whether man or woman, who proves false to plighted vows, should be for ever discarded by the wronged party.

H. H. T. (Palestine, Ill.)—The following will remove spots, grease, &c., from linen or any other substance: Take of spirits of turpentine one ounce of lemons, of each, one ounce. The essence must be newly made, or it will leave a circle round the spot. For iron mould rub the spot with a little powdered oxalic acid and warm water. Let it remain a few minutes, and well rinse in clear water. Wash the spots with a strong solution of cream of tartar and water. Repeat if necessary, and then dry in the sun.

RICHARD (Midway, Ala.)—If she resides in the same town with you, or sufficiently near for the purpose, ask some of your friends who are acquainted with both families to introduce you. There is nothing in this course that is not practiced every day in the best society elsewhere. It is in fact the only plan feasible under the circumstances. If, however, she resides at a greater distance, and the above might be inconvenient, get a letter of introduction from a mutual friend and call upon her.

HALLIE T. (Rock Island, Ill.)—Make sure yourself, without the assistance of the "mutual friend" that the young man is keeping company with another lady, and then simply stop corresponding with him. Answer his last letter and tell him in just so many words that you do not wish to receive any further communications from him. 2. Both are old English names, although we think the one you have subscribed yourself—which means "truth" or "trust"—is by far the prettiest.

YO SOT (Trenton, N. J.)—Why should one man refuse to pay because another cannot preach? If sermons are bad and congregations are worldly, that is no excuse for neglecting public worship. What about the parable of the Pharisee who felt just as much contempt for the publican as you feel for your fellows in church? Was his a noble or an honorable sentiment? Join the prayers; forget the congregation, and put up with the sermons; and do not on grounds so unworthy of an humble spirit as those assigned, neglect a known duty.

GERTY (Wash., D. C.)—Your friend did right in breaking off a clandestine engagement, and should not regret, but be glad of it, now that she sees how readily the rejected lover has found another object to place in her stead. Let her throw all thought of pitiful, weak, unwomanly vengeance to the winds and adhere resolutely to the path of duty and self-respect. If the love professed had been genuine what has happened could not have possibly occurred. She should remember this when she meets him, and simply act with courtesy—with neither warmth nor studied coldness.

JONATHAN (Lycoming, Pa.)—When a man plays a game of cross-purposes in a matter of real concern to him, he deserves to fail, and in failing suffer. It seems pretty plain that the time had arrived when it would have been proper to speak to the parent formally and arrange for the future. We do not understand that this was done. If Jonathan is really in earnest, he must lay aside the vanity which has misdirected him all through, and sue for the reconciliation he desires. It would seem that he was too long allowed to go and come, and assume that he was not only welcome, but recognized. Frankly, we cannot think the conduct has been very manly or respectful throughout. The best way to make amends is to speak candidly to the parents.

DOMINICK (W. Va.)—Mother Shipton's prophecy may or may not be genuine as a piece of prognosticating. The fact is not worth investigating. Far more remarkable predictions have been made by many acute adventurers calling themselves "seers" and by others who have not claimed to be so considered—for example, Shakspeare, who foreshadowed the electric telegraph in the exploits he credited to Ariel. The truth is, science makes such rapid strides, and brings to light so many things in rapid succession—for example, the telephone, the phonograph, and the interophone—at each advance, that it would be difficult for any one to sit down and write a prophecy constructed with skill, without sketching a series of discoveries which may, and most likely will, be made in the course of the next two or three centuries.

TOWNE (Phila., Pa.)—It is very probable. As the fall of the apple is said to have started the train of thought in the mind of Newton, which led to the discovery of the law of gravitation, a similar circumstance led to the use of the pendulum. Galileo, when a youth, was standing in the Cathedral of Pisa, when a lamp suspended from the ceiling having been disturbed by accident his attention was attracted by the uniformity of the motion swinging backwards and forwards, and, being struck with the regularity of the movement, he conceived the happy idea of utilizing it for the measuring of time. As in the case of the falling apple, millions of people no doubt had observed the same thing, but it required the fertile imagination of Newton to turn it to account, as the genius of Galileo converted the results of his observation of the swinging lamp to the perfection of the clock.